YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY

5¢ JUNE 22
VOL. 4, NO. 1
1945

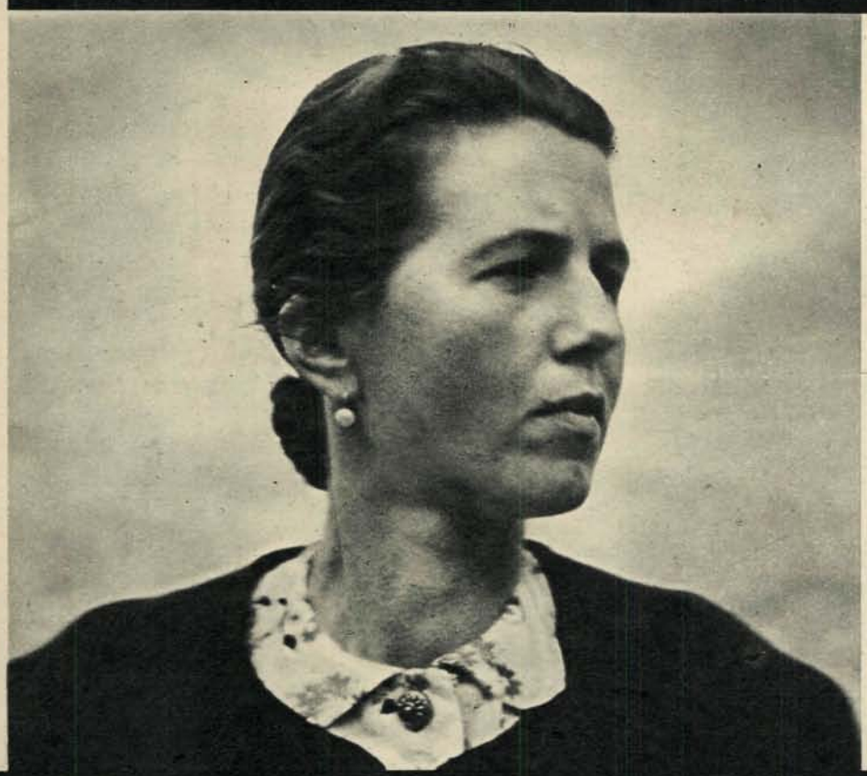
By the men . . . for the men in the service

American Soldiers In Hitler's Berchtesgaden

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNCAGE
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The ruins of Hitler's house were still smoking days after it was bombed.

German men and women soldiers in an enclosure at Berchtesgaden.



Hitler's housemaid Elly Danat said that "... the *Fuehrer* was a good master."

Entrance to luxuriously furnished tunnels under the *Berghof*.

By Sgt. HARRY SIONS
YANK Staff Correspondent

GIs who captured Hitler's mountain hideaway found rubble and magnificence. Amid the ruins there was still plenty of evidence of the high style in which the Nazi *Fuehrer* used to live.

BERCHTESGADEN, GERMANY—The *Fuehrerstrasse*, a low, winding road that leads high up to what had been Adolf Hitler's mountain retreat above Berchtesgaden, was heavy with traffic. GIs and French troops in jeeps, trucks and swanky captured limousines and on foot were going to and from the *Berghof*, Hitler's home, and the vast estate of buildings and grounds that surround it.

A few days before, units of the 3d Infantry Division, closely followed by French troops of the Seventh Army, had swept into the town of Berchtesgaden and up to the *Berghof* itself. The GIs and the Frenchmen were now staging a celebration—for this was VE-Day—on the rubbled grounds and buildings, and in what is left of the house that Hitler built.

There was a lot to celebrate with, too, for in the wine cellars of Hitler's house, and especially in the cellars of the *Platterhof*—the great guest hotel on the grounds—were thousands of bottles of fine French wines, cognac, champagne and Rhine wines. In the storerooms of the *Platterhof* were enough dishes, silverware and frozen and canned goods to last for years; for "10 years maybe," one of Hitler's servants said, "until the war has been decided." But the war had been decided 10 years ahead of schedule, and the wine, the food, the silverware and countless other objects were disappearing with amazing speed.

The downstream of trucks, jeeps, limousines and men on foot lengthened. Moroccans in red fezzes trundled enormous portraits which they were almost certain to toss away in a short time. GIs on foot carried bottles which they were almost certain to drink in a short time, and in fact there were many who had already drunk heavily of the *Fuehrer's* hospitality, for all along the grounds were strewn empty bottles that had held Burgundy, Moselle, champagne and other wines.

At the gate to the informal entrance into the grounds, where *SS* men used to keep guard, an MP good-naturedly sweated over the difficult traffic, and from the window of the adjoining concrete house, where the *SS* guards lived, a large white flag waved in the mountain breeze.

A French six-by-six lumbered down the road. From a chain on its rear end hung a deer caught in Hitler's woods, blood dripping from her throat,

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Two GIs look out at Hitler's favorite view of the Alps.

her lips still quivering. The Frenchmen grinned and shouted and waved bottles of wine. A sleek black Mercedes-Benz — Hitler's powerful, six-wheeled touring car — was jammed into the ditch beside the road, as though caught suddenly by an air attack, but it was being moved out of the way.

In the great banquet hall of the *Platterhof*, where the *Gauleiters* of the National Socialist Party often met to decide the party program, a Bechstein grand piano still stood—in the center of the ruins—and a lone GI was playing "Deep in the Heart of Texas," one-finger style. In the spacious hallway marking the entrance to the *Berghof* itself, a 3d Division rifleman and two French soldiers sat around a mahogany table taking turns swigging from a bottle of Moselle.

"Heil Hitler, the bastard," toasted the GI.

"Heil bastard," the Frenchmen echoed happily.

It is hard to tell which caused more damage to the *Berghof* estate, the 350 Lancasters which bombed it on the morning of April 25 or the 2,000 *SS* men who are said to have looted and burned it a few days before the Americans arrived; the net result, in any case, is a *"Truemmerhaufen"*—a mountain of ruins—as one of Hitler's servants described it.

Most of the buildings are gutted beyond recognition. The guest house where Mussolini once lived was directly hit by bombs. The home of Martin Bormann, the *Reichsleiter* or Nazi party head, adjoins the *Berghof* but it too has been smashed to rubble. Hermann Goering's home, on a small hill above the *Fuehrer's* retreat, seems to sway in the wind like a crazy house of cards, an empty house except for the enormous bathtub which had been flown from Berlin two years ago.

Some of the other buildings, however have escaped with lighter damage. The *Gutshof*, for example—a group of long, low green-painted farm buildings on a ridge below the *Fuehrer's* house—is almost untouched, although the stock has been taken away by local residents who apparently welcomed the chance to get some fresh meat at Hitler's expense.

Two large stone houses, one the hostel for the Nazi youth organizations and the other a guest house for the Nazi press, are also damaged only lightly. But the other buildings are piles of rubble, and, when the Americans arrived, some of the ruins still smoked from fires that were started days before. Also smoking were the heavy green camouflage nets over most of the buildings. Hundreds of the tall slender pines, which thickly wooded Hitler's estate, lay broken like matchsticks from the bombing concussions; sections of the woods were stripped bare from direct hits. Tiny waterfalls from the hills rippled over the debris of paper, books, bricks, stone and empty wine bottles.

Officers roamed through the woods looking for secret caches of arms, or pillboxes, but the only pillboxes were two in front of the home of the *SS* commander, on the west wing of the *Berghof*. So far there were no signs of "enormous caves loaded with arms," or "electrically wired booby traps," or "mined areas," or anything else resem-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bling the lurid descriptions of what was supposed to have been the core of the inner *Festung*, the national redoubt, the fortress within a fortress where Hitler and his fellow martyrs were to make a last-ditch stand.

"It looks to me," said an infantry colonel, "like they were expecting to defend the place with wine bottles."

". . . the *Fuehrer* was a good master," said Elly Danat, who has been a housemaid in the *Berghof* for eight years. Her husband, an *SS* sergeant killed at Moscow, left her four small children. "My children shall know the *Fuehrer* was a good man," she said. "He lived a good life, a clean life."

IN the old days during the *Kampfzeit*—the period of struggle before the *Fuehrer* became *Reichschancellor*—life had been simple here. There were only two maids, the house was small, there were few visitors. Then things changed. Important people came, there were receptions, new wings were added to the *Berghof*, new buildings were erected on the grounds.

"But the *Fuehrer* never changed. He still was good, still asked me about my children. He sent condolences when my husband was killed."

She earned 70 marks, or about $18 a month, the usual rate for a housemaid. On Christmas she received an extra 150 marks and some clothes for the children. Sometimes there were tips from the guests. Dr. Goebbels was a generous tipper. He always left money for the staff after his visits to the *Berghof*.

"Why did the Americans destroy the *Fuehrer's* home?" she asked. "Some people in Germany did not always do right, but the *Fuehrer* always knew what was right for the people."

She held her braided head proudly. "Yes, my children shall know about him." Then she asked: "Are the Jews coming back? Tell me, will they kill my children?"

In the basement of the *Berghof* a large switchboard is still in perfect condition, and even the last-minute jottings of the telephone operator are untouched. Under the long glass on the switchboard desk are the printed lists of important numbers, and the estate telephone directory rests on its side. In the basement the laundry and sewing room equipment is unharmed, although all the linen has been removed.

GIs poked about the ruins of the great reception hall on the first floor of the *Berghof*, where Hitler entertained Chamberlain, Daladier, Laval, Josef Beck of Poland, Alexander of Yugoslavia, Dollfuss of Austria and many others, after he completed the business of sealing a country's doom. It is an empty, charred room smelling of spilled wine and burned wood, and great timbers hang from the ceiling at sharp angles.

Through the great rectangle, which had once been the famous window running the entire width of the hall, GI tourists stared in admiration at the magnificent pine forests of Bavaria and beyond them the white-tipped Alps of the Tyrol, Hitler's Austrian homeland and the heart of the Greater Reich. At the opposite end of the room was a bronze fireplace, decorated with designs of German soldiers of '18, '36 and '42. On the grate was an empty pack of Chesterfields.

"When the guests would leave," one of the servants said, "the *Fuehrer* would sit and stare into the fireplace. Then he would walk to the window and stare outside into the darkness in the direction of the Alps. Then he would return once more to the fire."

In what had been Hitler's *Arbeitszimmer*, or work room, on the second floor of the *Berghof*, Pvt. Clarence Overman, a rifleman of the 506th Parachute Infantry, 101st Airborne Division, sat on a closed safe, the only piece of "furniture" in the room. He was keeping guard.

"Don't know what's in the safe," said Overman, "but I guess it's important. Say, was this where the old boy worked?" Told that it was, Overman whistled.

"That's something I'll have to write home about."

Later the safe was opened; there were only a few autographed copies of *Mein Kampf* inside.

From the balcony adjoining the work room there was another view of Bavaria and the Austrian Alps.

"The *Fuehrer* liked to stand on that balcony and look at the mountains," Elly Danat said. "For a long time he would stand there and look. It gave him great pleasure."

Hitler's bedroom and bath, adjoining the work room, have been sacked, but there was enough left to indicate they had been simply furnished, although his combination bed and day-couch was burned and the rest of the furniture was gone. The bathroom was a simple affair, like those in less-expensive apartments in New York City. The sit-down toilet, washstand and tub were plain white porcelain. There was no shower; sometimes the *Fuehrer* used a rubber shower attachment fastened to the tub faucet, similar to those which used to sell for $1.98 at any cut-rate drug store in the States. Inside the medicine chest were a bottle of castor oil, a bottle of liniment for rheumatism and a sample bottle of mouthwash marked in German: "Not to be sold in the trade."

Next to Hitler's rooms was the apartment of Eva Braun, his mistress. Her bedroom measured about 18 by 27 feet. It had a fireplace and simple maple furniture, most of which had been wrecked and looted. Scattered on the floor was some of Eva Braun's stationery, light blue, unscented, with EB in the corners; there were some of her calling cards, a couple of booklets on amateur movie photography, and a tailor's bill dated June 8, 1940, for a dress. The dress cost Hitler 500 marks, or about $125. In one corner lay an envelope with a last-minute shopping list scribbled on the back.

Eva Braun's bathroom was simple and nothing like the Hollywood conception of the bathroom of a dictator's mistress. The wash basin, douche bowl and bathtub were plain white porcelain. Inside her medicine cabinet, above the wash basin, were a jar of Ardena skin cream, made by Elizabeth Arden of Berlin and New York, and a bottle of a disinfectant used for athlete's foot. Inside a closet were hundreds of clothes hangers and shoe trees, and a November 1942 copy of *La Femme Chic*, a Paris fashion magazine.

"Eva Braun?" said one of the housemaids. "Yes, she lived here often. We did not talk about her. It was understood we were not to mention her name outside. She was young, yes, and beautiful. She was blonde. She loved the cinema. Often we would see the pictures at night in the reception hall. American cinemas also. 'Gone With The Wind' and 'Four Feathers' and others. *Fraulein* Braun especially likes your Robert Taylor. The *Fuehrer* had no favorite movie actress. But after the war began there were no longer movies. There was no time for pleasure. It was all serious."

Under the main floor two modern movie machines stood undamaged; index volumes show that American war films were also seen by Hitler, including "The Fighting 69th."

A French captain went down a long staircase—hundreds of steps—that led from the back of the main house to the great tunnels of the *Fuehrer's Bunker*, or air-raid shelter. At the foot of the staircase were long, white-walled tunnels leading to a maze of elaborate rooms and sections.

"Oh la la," cried the French captain. "It is *magnifique*, no?"

THERE were sections for living quarters, including the adjoining apartments of Hitler and Eva Braun; other sections contained elaborate wine cellars honeycombed to hold thousands of bottles, now all gone. There were storerooms for countless books, many of them gifts to Hitler from party members and foreign friends, including a large enamel-covered picture book from Benito Mussolini entitled *"Italia Imperia,"* a history of the New Roman Empire. In this book were many pictures of Hitler's visits to Italy, Hitler and *Il Duce* walking side by side on streets in Florence and Rome between crowded lanes of applauding Italians—and guards.

There were many technical books on engineering, war strategy and politics and an old German translation of Shakespeare. The more important volumes and manuscripts had the *Fuehrer's* bookmark "*Ex libris*—Adolf Hitler," with fancy swastika designs on the fly leaves. There was a storeroom for pictures and old manuscripts, but it had been looted and only a few worthless pictures remained.

One of the air-raid sections contained a fully equipped operating room, now pretty much ruined. French troops put bullet holes through the X-ray machine; drugs, medical instruments, injecting needles, scales and sterilizers lay on the floor. A bottle of blood plasma stood in a corner and in all the wreckage it almost looked as though it were waiting to be kicked over.

Eva Braun's bedroom in the air-raid shelter was tastefully decorated with pastel-tinted walls, dainty flowered vases and tinsel-clothed dolls scattered about. In her swanky study were built-in book shelves with books whose titles indicate that *Fraulein* Braun did considerable boning up on the program and principles of the National Socialists. There were also a set of Shakespeare, a translation of the "Adventures of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn," and an autographed book from Bruno Mussolini concerning his flying adventures over Spain and Ethiopia. On her bureau dresser were two books which were obviously favorites; one was called "The Kaiser of Rome against the King of the Jews," and the other was an autographed copy of the book "On the Road to Victory, or With the *Fuehrer* in Poland," by Otto Dietrich, chief of the Reich press division.

"When the war came on us," said Ellen Bluethgen, Hitler's personal cook, "the *Fuehrer* would eat no butter and no milk, except sometimes skimmed milk. For breakfast he had mashed apples and a biscuit; lunch was perhaps a vegetable plate and a cup of cocoa or herb tea—the *Fuehrer* ate no meat, drank no coffee, no wines. His best meal was tea, at 6 o'clock, when he had a cup of tea and a piece of apple *Strudel*. It was his favorite dish. At tea he could relax a little, perhaps even whistle. He especially liked to whistle light-opera tunes from Franz Lehar. He whistled well too. Otherwise," she added with a glimmer of a smile that briefly lit up her sallow tight-lipped features, "he would not have whistled so often."

The servants still considered Hitler a tin god.

THE *Fuehrer* had not visited the *Berghof* since June 1944, they said with regret. He was too busy with the war. But before that he spent his happiest days here. In the winter he sometimes went sledding down the *Fuehrerstrasse* and spent hours listening to Wagner records, with the fireplace burning brightly. But then the war came and it was all changed. The *Fuehrer* became more serious, rarely joked, rarely whistled.

"He suffered much for the sake of his people," said his personal cook.

The *Fuehrer's* health was always good, she said, even in the hard times. He lived a good life, a healthy life. And his mind, too, was always sharp and clear, to the last days. He had a throat operation last year, but it wasn't serious; it affected his voice for only a short time.

"Is it true," we asked her, "that the *Fuehrer* chewed on rugs when he became excited?"

Ellen Bluethgen, the cook, flushed angrily.

"Only you Americans believe such nonsense," she replied.

She always travelled with Hitler, except when he visited the front. Even during State dinners, when the *Fuehrer* entertained King Leopold of Belgium, the ambassador from Japan and others, she cooked specially for Hitler, while the chefs prepared the full-course dinners for the guests. When Molotov came in there were seven extra chefs for the evening reception.

"It was a very elaborate affair," she added with a wry smile.

Goering used to go into the kitchen and ask for rich, greasy dishes. He was proud of being fat, and would only laugh when the *Fuehrer* rebuked him for his gross tastes.

"The *Fuehrer* had no doubles," she said emphatically: "That is some more American nonsense. Why should he have doubles? He had nothing to fear. He was a good man. He loved his people, and during the war spent much time visiting the wounded in hospitals and the people in bombed cities."

"Did he visit Dachau, too?" we asked.

"Why should he visit Dachau?" she replied. "The *Fuehrer* was too busy to waste time with criminals." She wrung her hands nervously: "Yes, the *Fuehrer* is dead now. What else could he do but die for his people? But for many of us he will never die. He was good to us," she kept repeating. Then she hesitated and asked, "What will happen to me now? I am a good cook. Will it be possible for me to obtain a position somewhere?"

We said we didn't know.

It was late in the day now. The stream of traffic going down the *Fuehrerstrasse* had thinned. At the foot of the hill Pfc. William Crawford and T-5 George Liekhues, 3d Division medics, were looking dreamily up the road, staring at the smoke clouds still floating over the charred ruins of the house that Hitler built.

"When I was at Salerno," said Crawford, "I never figured I'd wind up the war in Hitler's home."

"Can't think of a better place to wind up the war at," said Liekhues.

"Unless it's my home," Crawford smiled.

YANK, The Army Weekly, publication issued weekly by Branch Office, Information & Education Division, War Department, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. Reproduction rights restricted as indicated in the masthead on the editorial page. Entered as second class matter July 6, 1942, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription price $3.00 yearly. Printed in the U. S. A.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[redacted]shing M26 (T26 E3)

THOUGH the Pershing M26 didn't get into the fighting in Europe until very late in the game, it was in long enough to prove itself.

The first few Pershings went into action in March, with the First Army at Remagen and in the hard fighting east of Aachen where they soon won the confidence of their crews.

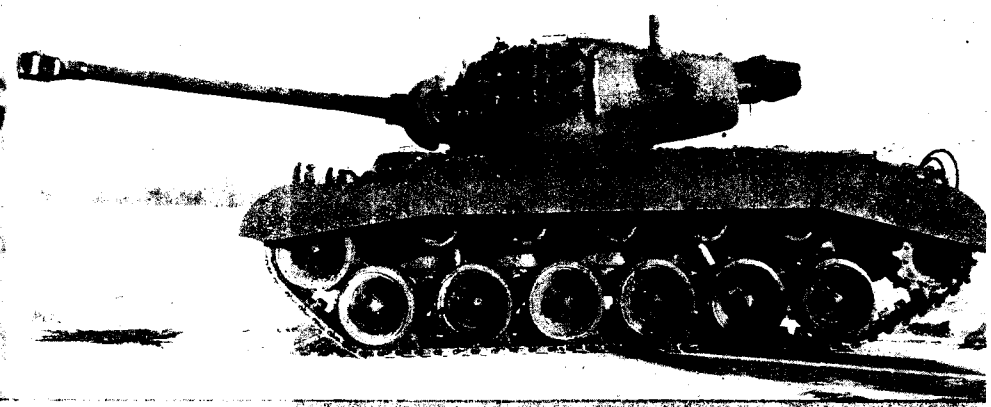
This new 43-tonner is the Ordnance Department's answer to the heavier German Tiger. It mounts a 90-mm high-velocity gun, equipped with a muzzle-brake, as opposed to the 88-mm on the Tiger.

Though it is called a medium tank it is much heavier and has thicker armor and more fire power than our other mediums.

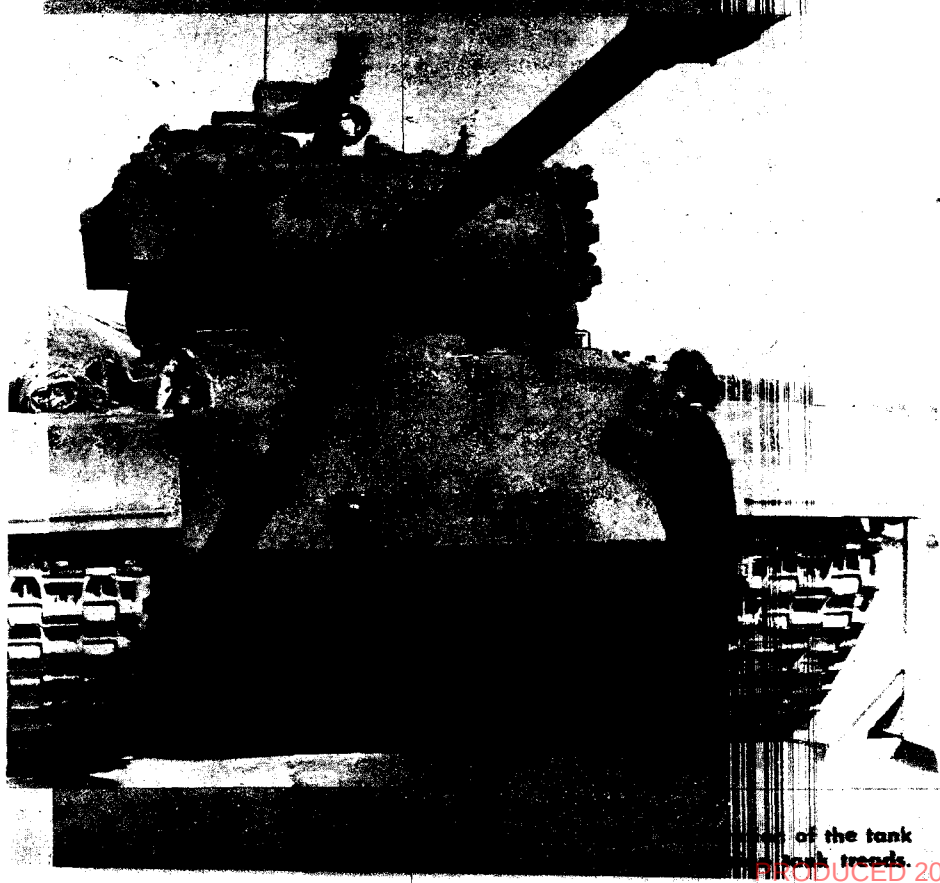
The low silhouette is reminiscent of the Russian T34. Other features such as its torsion bar suspension, large bogie wheels, and wide 24-inch tracks add to its distinctly foreign look. In addition to its 90-mm gun, it mounts a .50 caliber MG and two .30-caliber LMGS. Weighing 85,700 pounds, it is 21 feet, 11 inches long and 11 feet, 2 inches wide. A new 470-HP engine drives the tank at a speed of 25 MPH.

[redacted]earance of earlier American armor. [redacted]y angled glacis plate at the bow.

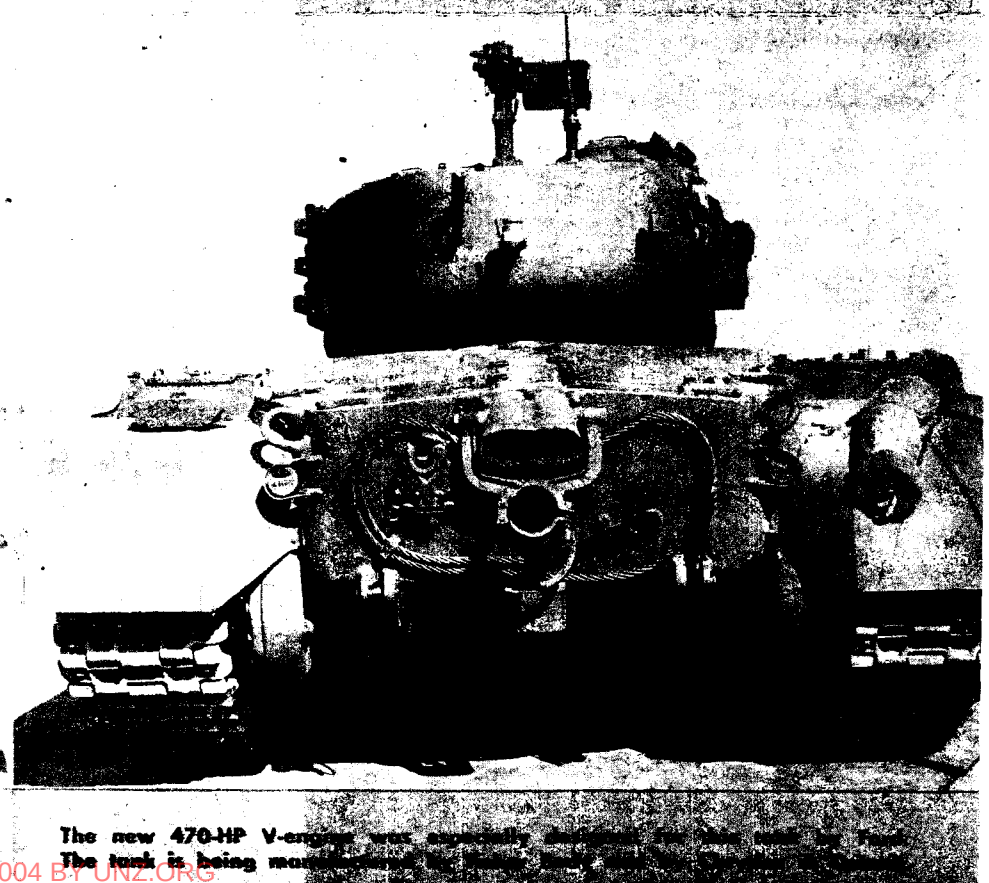
[redacted] view shows [redacted]er's cupola.



The six torsionally suspended bogies are an innovation on American tanks though this type of suspension system has been used for years on foreign tanks.



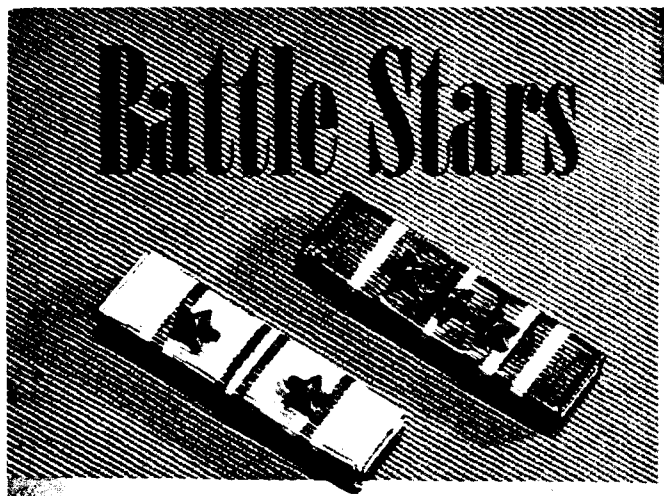
[redacted] of the tank [redacted]ack treads.



The new 470-HP V-engine was [redacted] The tank is being [redacted]

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Battle Stars



Here is the official list of battles and campaigns of the U. S. Army that rate a bronze star, as of 12 May 1945, the current deadline for Adjusted Service Rating Card point credits. It is taken from *War Department General Orders* Number 33 and 40, 1945:

Asiatic-Pacific Theatre

1. PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

a. Combat zone—Philippine Islands and adjacent waters.

b. Time limitation—7 Dec. 1941 to 10 May 1942.

2. BURMA, 1942—This pertains to operations on the Burmese mainland during the period indicated, and to such local air operations as were directly concerned therewith.

a. Combat zone—Geographical limits of Burma.

b. Time limitation—7 Dec. 1941 to 26 May 1942.

3. CENTRAL PACIFIC

a. Combat zone—That portion of the Central Pacific Area lying west of the 180th meridian less the main islands of Japan, the Bonin-Vulcan and the Ryukyu Island chains, and the immediately adjacent waters; the Gilbert Islands and Nauru; the Hawaiian Islands on 7 Dec. 1941 only; Midway Island from 3 to 6 June 1942 only.

b. Time limitation—7 Dec. 1941 to 6 Dec. 1943 (except as indicated in **a** above).

4. EAST INDIES

a. Combat zone—Southwest Pacific Area less the Philippine Islands and less that portion of Australia south of latitude 21 degrees south.

b. Time limitation—1 Jan. 1942 to 22 July 1942.

5. INDIA-BURMA

a. Combat zone—Those parts of India, Burma, and enemy-held territory lying beyond the following line: The Assam-Thibet border at east longitude 95 degrees 45 minutes, thence due south to latitude 27 degrees 32 minutes north; thence due west to Sadiya branch of Sadiya-Dibrugarh railway (exclusive); thence southwest along railway to Tinsukia (exclusive); thence south along Bengal and Assam railway to Namrup (exclusive); thence southwestward through Mokeuchung, Kohima, Imphal, and Aijal to Chittagong (all inclusive); also adjacent waters.

b. Time limitation—2 April 1942 to 28 Jan. 1945.

6. AIR OFFENSIVE, JAPAN

a. Combat zone—The Islands of Hokkaido, Honshu, Shikoku and Kyushu, the enemy owned portion of Karufuto, the Kurile, Bonin, and Ryukyu Islands, including immediately adjacent waters.

Effective 26 March 1945, the Ryukyu Islands and adjacent waters are excluded from combat zone.

b. Time limitation—17 April 1942. Final date to be announced later.

7. ALEUTIAN ISLANDS

a. Combat zone—The area bounded by longitude 165 degrees west and 170 degrees east, and by latitudes 50 degrees and 55 degrees north.

b. Time limitation—3 June 1942 to 24 Aug. 1943.

8. CHINA

a. Combat zone—Enemy-held portions of China and contiguous countries, plus a zone 50 miles in width extending into Allied-held territory.

b. Time limitation—4 July 1942. Final date to be announced later.

9. PAPUA

a. Combat zone—Southwest Pacific Area less that portion of Australia south of latitude 21 degrees south and east of longitude 140 east.

b. Time limitation—23 July 1942 to 23 Jan. 1943.

10. GUADALCANAL

a. Combat zone—Solomon Islands, Bismarck Archipelago, and adjacent waters.

b. Time limitation—7 Aug. 1942 to 21 Feb. 1943.

11. NEW GUINEA

a. Combat zone—Southwest Pacific Area, less the Philippine Islands after 16 Oct. 1944, and less that portion of Australia south of latitude 21 degrees south and east of longitude 140 degrees east, except that the Bismarck Archipelago and adjacent waters will be included from 24 Jan. to 14 Dec. 1943 only. Effective 1 Oct. 1944 Australia and those portions of New Guinea both south and east of Madang are excluded from the combat zone.

b. Time limitation—24 Jan. 1943 to 31 Dec. 1944.*

12. NORTHERN SOLOMONS

a. Combat zone—Solomon Islands north and west of Russell Island, Bismarck Archipelago, and adjacent waters, except that the Bismarck Archipelago and adjacent waters will be included from 22 Feb. to 14 Dec. 1943 only. Effective 1 Oct. 1944 the combat zone is limited to Bougainville Island and adjacent waters.

b. Time limitation—22 Feb. 1943 to 21 Nov. 1944.*

13. EASTERN MANDATES

a. Combat zone—That portion of the Central Pacific Area lying between longitude 180 degrees and longitude 150 degrees east excluding the Gilbert Islands.

b. Time limitation—7 Dec. 1943 (air). Final date for air to be announced later. 31 Jan. 1944 (ground) to 14 June 1944.

14. BISMARCK ARCHIPELAGO

a. Combat zone—Bismarck Archipelago and adjacent waters.

b. Time limitation—15 Dec. 1943 to 27 Nov. 1944.*

15. WESTERN PACIFIC

a. Combat zone—That portion of the Central Pacific Area lying west of longitude 150 degrees east, less the main islands of Japan, the Bonin-Vulcan and the Ryukyu Island chains, and the immediately adjacent waters.

b. Time limitation—17 April 1944 (air); 15 June 1944 (ground). Final date to be announced later; may be different for various islands within the combat zone.

16. SOUTHERN PHILIPPINES

a. Combat zone—The Philippine Islands, exclusive of Luzon, lying south of latitude 13 degrees 35 minutes north, and the adjacent waters.

b. Time limitation—17 Oct. 1944. Final date to be announced later; may be different for various islands within the combat zone.

17. LUZON

a. Combat zone—The Island of Luzon, other Philippine Islands lying north of latitude 13 degrees 35 minutes north, and the adjacent waters.

b. Time limitation—9 Jan. 1945. Final date to be announced later; may be different for various islands within the combat zone.

18. CENTRAL BURMA

a. Combat zone—That portion of the India-Burma Theater and enemy-held territory lying south and east of the following line: Latitude 25 degrees 24 minutes from the Burma-China boundary to Chindwin River, excluding Myitkyina thence along east bank of Chindwin River to Kalewa (exclusive), thence straight to Chittagong (exclusive), thence southward along the coast to the 92d meridian, thence due south.

b. Time limitation—29 Jan. 1945. Final date to be announced later.

19. RYUKYUS

a. Combat zone—Islands between Formosa (exclusive) and Kyushu (exclusive); adjacent waters.

b. Time limitation—26 March 1945. Final date to be announced later; may be different for various islands within combat zone.

Europe-Africa-Middle East

1. EGYPT-LIBYA

a. Combat zone—Those parts of Egypt and Libya lying west of 30 degrees east longitude to 6 Nov. 1942, and west of 25 degrees east longitude thereafter, and adjacent waters.

b. Time limitation—11 June 1942 to 12 Feb. 1943.

2. AIR OFFENSIVE, EUROPE

a. Combat zone—European Theater of Operations exclusive of the land areas of the United Kingdom and Iceland.

b. Time limitation—4 July 1942 to 5 June 1944.

3. ALGERIA-FRENCH MOROCCO

a. Combat zone—Algeria, French Morocco and adjacent waters.

b. Time limitation—8 to 11 Nov. 1942.

4. TUNISIA

a. Combat zone—Tunisia and Algeria east of a north-south line through Constantine, and adjacent waters.

b. Time limitation—8 Nov. 1942 (air), 17 Nov. 1942 (ground), to 13 May 1943.

5. SICILY

a. Combat zone—Sicily and adjacent waters.

b. Time limitation—14 May 1943 (air), 9 July 1943 (ground), to 17 Aug. 1942.

6. NAPLES-FOGGIA

a. Combat zone—Italy (exclusive of Sicily and Sardinia), Corsica, and adjacent waters.

b. Time limitation—18 Aug. 1943 (air), 9 Sept. 1943 (ground), to 21 Jan. 1944.

7. ROME-ARNO

a. Combat zone—Italy (exclusive of Sicily and Sardinia), Corsica, and adjacent waters to include 15 Aug. 1944; thereafter that portion of the Italian mainland and its adjacent waters north of 42 degrees north latitude.

b. Time limitation—22 Jan. 1944 to 9 Sept. 1944.

8. NORMANDY

a. Combat zone—European Theater of Operations exclusive of the land areas of the United Kingdom and Iceland.

b. Time limitation—6 June 1944 to 24 July 1944.

9. NORTHERN FRANCE

a. Combat zone—European Theater of Operations exclusive of the land areas of the United Kingdom and Iceland.

b. Time limitation—25 July to 14 Sept. 1944.*

10. SOUTHERN FRANCE

a. Combat zone—Those portions of France (exclusive of Corsica) occupied by forces assigned to the North African Theater of Operations, and adjacent waters.

b. Time limitation—15 Aug. to 14 Sept. 1944.

11. RHINELAND

a. Combat zone—Those portions of France, Belgium, Holland, Luxembourg, and Germany east of the line: Franco-Belgian frontier to 4 degrees east longitude, thence south along that meridian to 47 degrees latitude, thence east along that parallel to 5 degrees east longitude, thence south along that meridian to the Mediterranean coast.

b. Time limitation—15 Sept. 1944 to 21 March 1945.

12. ARDENNES

a. Combat zone—The area forward of the line: Euskirchen-Eupen (inclusive) — Liege (exclusive), east bank of Meuse River to its intersection with the Franco-Belgian border, thence south and east along this border and the southern border of Luxembourg.

b. Time limitation—16 Dec. 1944 to 25 Jan. 1945.

NOTE.—Battle participation credit for campaign "Rhineland" will not be accorded during this period for operations in area defined above.

13. NORTH APENNINES.

a. Combat zone—Italy and adjacent waters north of the line: Cecina-Sienna-Monte S. Savino-Fabriano-Ancona (all inclusive) to 27 Oct. 1944 (inclusive) and north of the line: Arno River-Pontassieve-Sansepolcro-Urbania-Urbino - Pesaro (all inclusive) thereafter.

b. Time limitation—10 Sept. 1944 to 4 April 1945.

14. CENTRAL EUROPE

a. Combat zone—Part of European Theater beyond a line 10 miles west of Rhine River between Switzerland and Waal River until 28 March 1945 (inclusive) and thereafter beyond the east bank of the Rhine.

b. Time limitation—22 March 1945. Final date to be announced later.

15. PO VALLEY

a. Combat zone—Italy and adjacent waters north of the line: Pietrasanta-San Marcello-Riola-Castiglione-Brisighella-Ravenna (all inclusive).

b. Time limitation—5 April 1945 to 8 May 1945.

**Battle participation credit for this campaign may be awarded by theater commander to units or individuals who actually engaged the enemy after the final date.*

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By Pfc. DEBS MYERS
YANK Staff Writer

CHICAGO—Alois Knapp is a Chicago lawyer who has been called the Will Hays of nudism. As president of the American Sunbathing Association, he is the head man of the people who get bare for air. He says that nudism is doing plenty for the war, and, moreover, he knows how to stop future wars. "Let everyone take off their clothes," he says, "and no one will know who to shoot."

Knapp, 56 years old, tanned and a little bald, perches his feet on his office desk and allows that he gets hundreds of letters from soldiers who plan to take up nudism when they come home.

On his office walls are diplomas, certificates and one picture—a tinted job of a brunette who has all the right trajectories. She is pretty and is peeled right down to the buff, which is another word for bare skin. And she has lots of delightful buff.

"It's logical," Knapp says, "that soldiers would get interested in nudism. They're tired of taking orders from guys with stripes and brass. In a nudist camp, where could a man possibly wear his stripes?"

Further, says Knapp, nudism in its own quiet way is helping win the war.

"First," Knapp points out, "we conserve clothes. Second, we believe in wild life."

Noticing the interviewer brighten, Knapp hastens to add that by wild life he means outdoor life.

"And, third," Knapp says, "we promote democracy. It's clothing that makes social distinctions."

After a pause he goes on: "Nudists are good soldiers. They know how to take care of their bodies. Also, they are not bothered by any of the phobias that torment some men when they first go into the Army. Nudists have no false sense of shame."

Knapp beams smugly. "Shame," he pontificates, "is sham misspelled."

Knapp first became interested in nudism when he was a boy in Austria. "It was a crime in those days," he recalls, "to take off your shoes in front of someone else."

He has been in the States for about 35 years. In the last war, he was an interpreter for the American Army in France. He thinks there is some powerful grass-roots sentiment for nudism developing.

"If we make as much progress in the next 25 years as we have in the last 25," he predicts, "clothing will have reached the vanishing point. It is very encouraging. I can remember seeing a woman arrested in Chicago in 1912 for taking off her stockings."

"Beach wear will be next to feel the nudist influence," Knapp says. "The things they wear now are ridiculous," he observes, "as out-dated as the mustache cup and the horsehair sofa."

Knapp says that nudists are cold to dirty stories.

"If I laugh at a dirty story," he says, "it is only at the childishness of the person telling it. I do not consider anything that has to do with the human body funny. Nudists do not attend burlesque houses, nor do they look at French postcards.

"Nudism would eliminate Peeping Toms. If a back yard is exposed, no one looks. If you build a fence around it, everyone peeks."

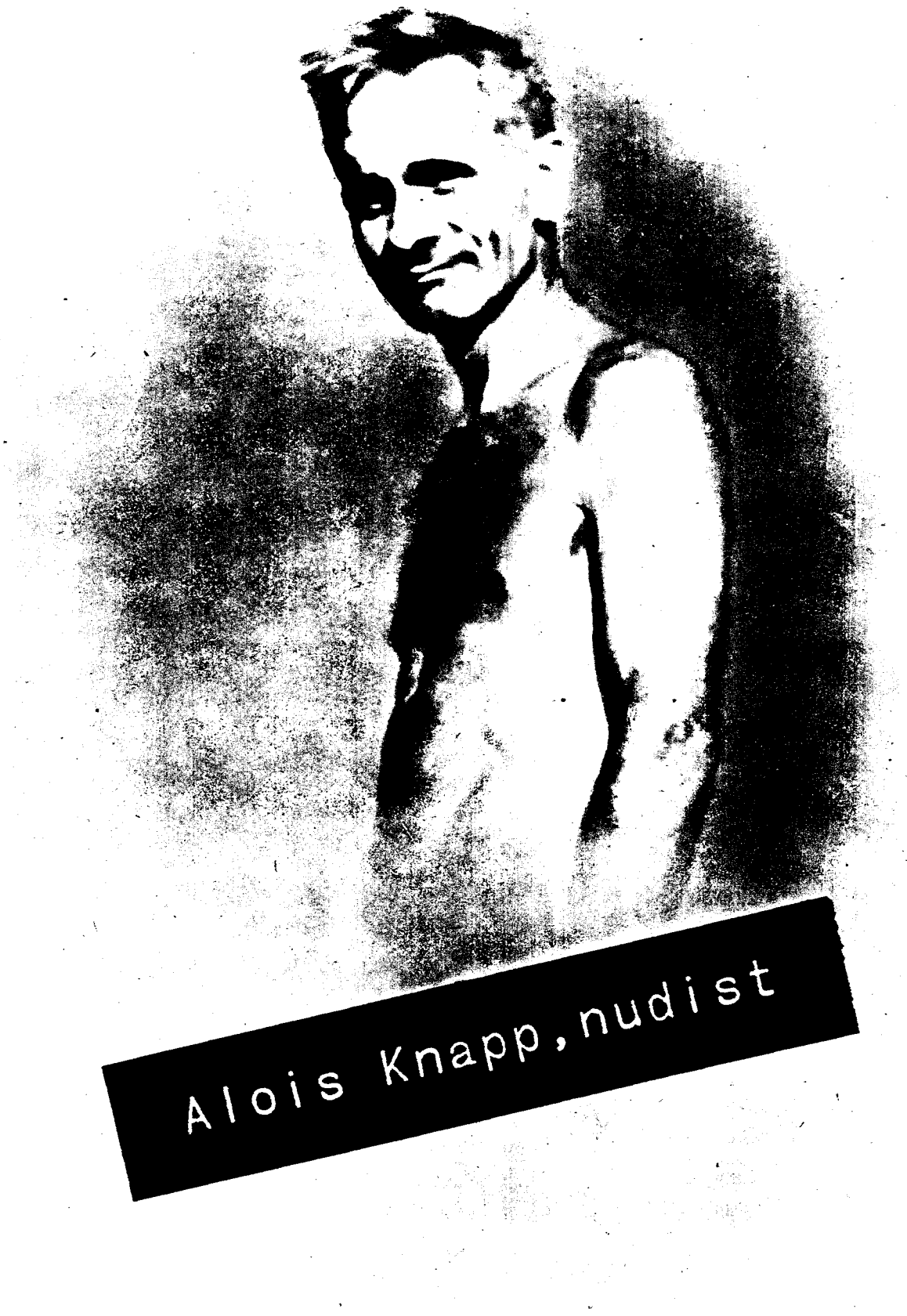
In 1940, at a national nudist convention in New Jersey, Knapp was crowned king of the nudists. "It was a distinguished honor and I felt humble," he says. In 1941 Knapp's successor as king of the nudists was a former boxer.

"He was a fine figure of a man," sighs Knapp, "and the girl who was crowned queen of the nudists was all right, too. The story has a charming ending. Six weeks after the coronation, they married each other. Then they moved to Oklahoma and now they have a nudist camp all their own."

Knapp believes that nudism is a fine antidote for false pride. "In a nudist camp," he adds, "a man is not what he appears to be, but what he is. That is obvious." It was agreed that indeed this was obvious.

"Further," says Knapp, "a nudist can't hide behind his tailor. His defects show. He tries to do something about them."

Knapp would like to have cities set aside certain beaches for nudists, with the sexes segregated. "That's half a loaf," he says. "The whole loaf would be municipally supervised camps where a man could go with his family."



Alois Knapp, nudist

He estimates that there are now about 40,000 nudists in the States. Membership in most nudist organizations is by the year, $25 for families, $25 for single men and $10 for single women. "Single women usually don't have too much money," explains Knapp.

Knapp also is associate editor of the association's magazine, *Sunshine and Health*. The stories have such titles as "Analysis of the Nature of Obscenity," "Psychology of Nudism," "Is Going Naked a Sin?" and "The Religious Phase of Nudism." The magazine also includes many pictures which do not have titles. The pictures speak for themselves.

A recent edition of the magazine contained a letter from a sergeant in Alaska who obviously was a man of troubles. Excerpts from his letter:

"So far, I haven't been able to do much about being a nudist because for more than four memorable years I have been wrapped up in olive drab. I might also mention that most of Alaska is not suitable for the practice of nudism.

"One does not believe in nudism at 40 below and in the summer there are 10,000,000 mosquitoes convincing you that it isn't appropriate. I have, however, done everything in my power to present nudism as it really is to my associates, and I believe I have made some progress."

In this same edition was a story written by a corporal entitled "A Serviceman's Wonderful Christmas." It becomes obvious that nudist corporals get around, as witness the first paragraph:

"Four Christmases in the Army and three of them real nudist Yuletides. The first one in 1941 wasn't really like Christmas time, for we were rather upset and my outfit was in no position to stop and celebrate the season, but since then I've been privileged to have Christmas in nudist homes in three different states. A nudist Yule is one never to be forgotten, but the one this year was exceptional."

The rest of the story deals with jolly nudist conviviality and a 16-pound turkey and it's all wholesome but not titillating.

Officers, it seems, also go for nudism.

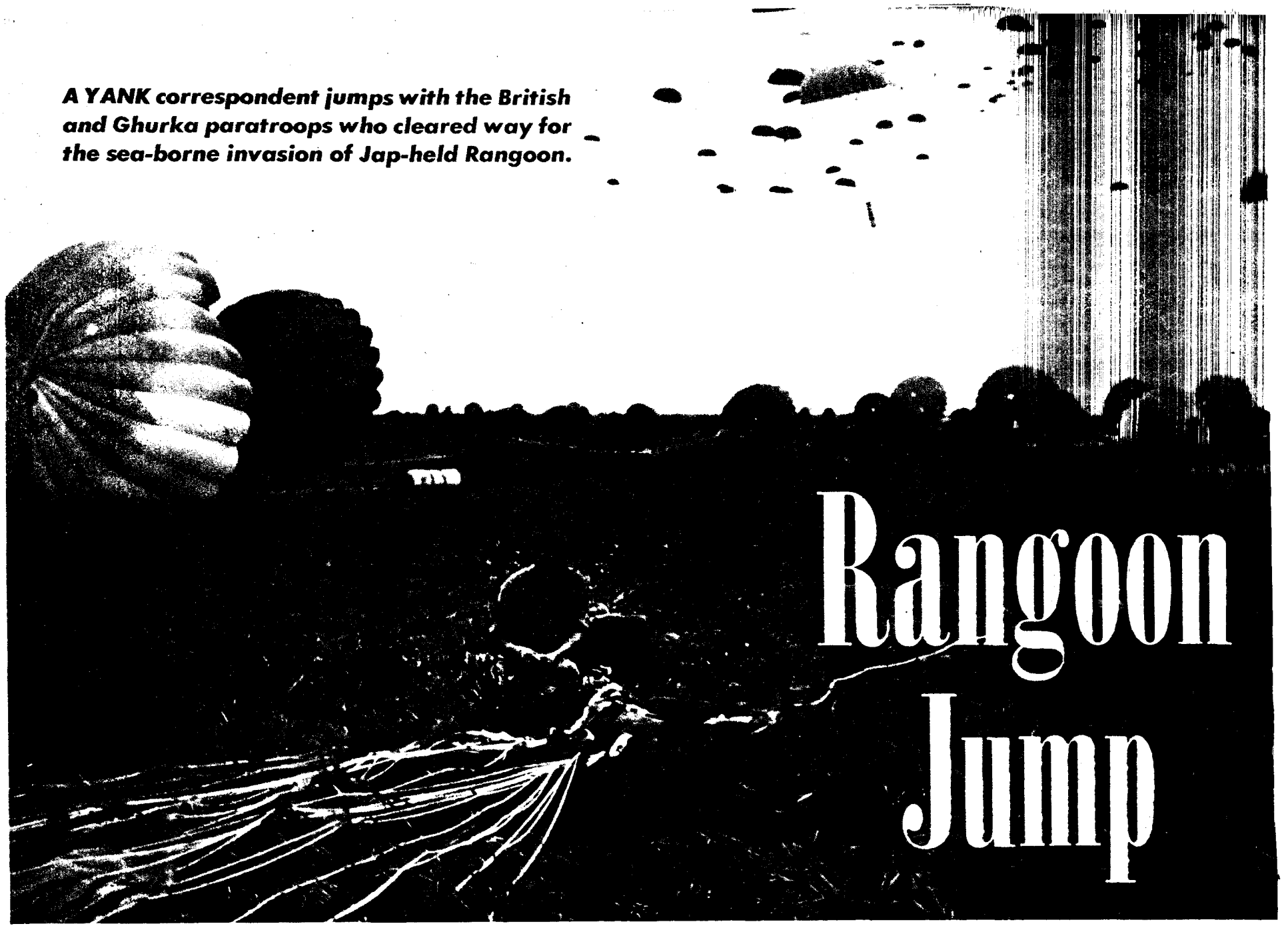
The magazine carried the following classified advertisement listing a San Francisco post-office box:

"An officer now at sea expects to return to California shortly. Would like to meet companion who also enjoys sunshine and health."

Uh-huh.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A YANK correspondent jumps with the British and Ghurka paratroops who cleared way for the sea-borne invasion of Jap-held Rangoon.



Rangoon Jump

By Sgt. DAVE RICHARDSON
YANK Staff Correspondent

RANGOON, BURMA—The jumpmaster groped through the darkened C-47 to rouse you an hour before dawn. You opened your eyes as he offered you a cigarette and said, "One hour to go." He did it as matter-of-factly as though he were an ATC steward on the Calcutta-New Delhi run. Yet in a little while he would slap you out the door and you would take part in the paratroop operation that paved the way for the capture of Rangoon.

You were going to jump with the Pathfinders —17 British Signals men and 20 Ghurkas who were to land 45 minutes ahead of the main body of paratroopers. They would prepare the way. Some would direct the other planes in by radio, others would mark out the drop zone with colored panels and smoke bombs. Still others would reconnoiter the vicinity of the drop to learn where the nearest Japs were.

There was little talking; you just eyed the other jumpers occasionally, exchanging wry grins. One of the tough little Ghurkas drew his *kukri* knife. He had trained with it since boyhood and back in his native Nepal he had used it to lop off the head of a cow with one deft stroke. Last year at Imphal he had done the same thing to some Japs in a night attack. He ran his finger along its gleaming edge, then replaced it in its sheath with a smile of satisfaction.

Beside you, a red-faced Scotsman took a final drag on his cigarette and murmured: "I've done 12 of the bloody jumps, laddy, and that makes this number 13. I'm always scared before every jump—we all are—but this time I'm skittish as a bloomin' bride. Number 13, mon!"

"Twenty minutes to go," you heard the jumpmaster yell as he switched on the overhead lights. "Put on your gear."

The plane was heaped with packs, rifles, radios and signal equipment, so the 20 of you bumped each other awkwardly as you stood up to fasten on your stuff. Then you lined up, holding the static-line fastener in your left hand. The assistant jumpmaster came up the line and locked each fastener to a cable stretched near the floor on the starboard side.

Standing there, as the minutes dragged by in the cramped cabin, you became bathed in sweat. Your shoulders began to ache under the tightly strapped 50 pounds of equipment and 30 pounds of chute. The plane was descending and slowing up to jumping speed. Stooping down to get one last look out the window, you saw that the sky had brightened to gray dawn. Green paddyfields and thatched-roof villages had replaced the swampland below.

Then the jump bell rang. The jumpmaster shoved out three large parapacks, which were snapped away by the howling wind. The Number One man stepped to the door. He was a sandy-haired old sergeant who had told you he had made 49 jumps and was returning to Blighty in a few weeks.

The bell rang again. The jumpmaster yelled "Go!" and slammed the sergeant's back. The sergeant kicked out his right leg, hollering "Number One" and spun down and off into space. You shuffled forward in line, grasping the static line in your left hand, as man after man stepped to the door, yelled his number and kicked off.

". . . Number Five, Number Six, Number Seven. . . ."

Your number was Ten in the 20-man stick. Your heart was pounding hard and your lips quivered. You felt weak and unsteady as you kept your eyes fixed to the parachuted back of the Number Nine man.

". . . . Number Eight, Number Nine. . . ."

IN an instant you were facing the open door, sliding your static line down the cable. The Scotsman had caught his left leg just as he went out, forcing you to hesitate. But only for a fleeting moment. You got to the door, hollered "Number Ten" and kicked your right leg out into the howling wind as the jumpmaster slammed your back.

You closed your eyes just as you left the plane. But now that the wind had spun you around and you were hurtling feet first through space, you opened them. Everything was a blur. You wondered whether you would ever stop falling as the static line yanked the silk and then the shroud lines and then the risers off your back.

Then the little hunk of cord attaching the static line to the top of the chute snapped. The silk bellowed out. You were yanked up and, in a flash, sitting still. The chute was open. You lifted your eyes as you reached up for the risers. The big expanse of silk was a beautiful sight.

IN contrast to the roar of the engines and the wind in the plane's cabin, now everything was quiet. You even heard a dog bark in the distance. There was no giddy sensation of height during this 700-foot ride earthward. You felt as though you were sitting on a hill looking down on the green rice paddies and patches of trees. You seemed to drift as slowly as a balloon. That is, until you got about 100 feet from the ground. Then you realized you had not been going slowly at all; the earth was rushing up to meet you. One moment you were watching it come up and the next—cu-rump—you were lying in the grass.

You lay there briefly after landing and even harbored the crazy thought that you could lie in that glorious grass for hours. But the sergeant was yelling at you: "Collapse that chute, quick!" You did and stood up.

No sprained ankles or broken bones, but you were wet and covered with mud. More mud was clogging the bore of your carbine. You reminded yourself that you'd better clear it as soon as you got into position on the perimeter.

At a half crouch you started walking toward the assembly area, which was located near a haystack a quarter-mile away. You glanced up and back to see the planes disappear in the distance and the other jumpers float down. Suddenly there was shouting in a village behind you. Spinning around and hitting the ground, you looked in that direction. But you got to your feet sheepishly, for it was only some Burmese people welcoming the men who had landed over there.

"It's the British!" screamed one Burmese

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

farmer. "They're back! They're back!" All the other yelling was in Burmese, including the high-pitched voices of women and children. You remembered that it had been three long years since the Japs stormed into Rangoon.

In front of you one of the paratroopers was hobbling slowly and painfully. You caught up to him. He was the Scotsman who had had premonitions about his thirteenth jump. "I've bloody well had it, all right," he grinned. "Sprained me ankle."

Arriving at the CP, you were assigned a spot in the perimeter. You lay down, took off your equipment and ran a patch through your mud-clogged carbine. Nearby the RAF signals team erected an antenna and soon were in contact with the other planes. Three men unrolled colored panels in the drop zone.

One of the British officers had taken the Ghurkas on a reconnaissance patrol of nearby villages. Soon one of his men appeared across the open paddyfields, trotting toward you. He handed you a message to deliver to the CP. As you carried it over, you read it.

"Tawkai Village unoccupied by Jap," it said. "Villagers say no enemy between here and Elephant Point, but enemy dug in at point."

Getting back to your position, you unfolded your map and went over the parachute battalion's mission, as outlined in the previous day's briefing. The outfit was to land on D-minus-one about 25 miles south of Rangoon and then clear all Japs from Elephant Point, at the entrance to the Rangoon River. This would allow the seaborne invasion of Rangoon to pass up the river on D-Day.

You were now six miles from the point and there was estimated to be between a company and a battalion of Japs manning shore defenses there. That meant the paratroopers would have to work fast in getting to and taking their objective. If it wasn't taken by sundown, the Japs could hold it all night and give a pasting to the landing craft at dawn.

Nearby, one of the Pathfinders let out a shout. "Here they come!" he said. "Look at 'em—what a bloomin' armada!" In the distance the sky was dotted with little specks that came nearer with an increasing drone. Now you could make out the C-47s of the Combat Cargo Task Force—40 of them, flying in threes, one group behind another like a parade. British and American fighters scooted back and forth on all sides of the C-47s. Light bombers buzzed the thatched-roof villages and clumps of brush, looking hungrily for targets. On the ground the Pathfinders lit smoke bombs to give wind direction.

Now the C-47s were overhead. Craning your neck, you saw little black objects spill out of their doors, plummet down and then blossom chutes. You looked closely to see which were men and which equipment. The way you spotted the men was by their dangling limbs. One or two of the black objects never sprouted chutes—they just angled earthward. You watched these closely and breathlessly until you discovered that none of them had limbs. Apparently every personnel chute had opened.

Within an hour the paratroops were fanned out in skirmish lines, plodding through ankle-deep mud across the broad paddyfields toward Elephant Point. The point and flank platoons carried orange umbrellas to mark the advance for the supporting fighter-bombers.

About mid-morning the sun broke through and an elaborate bombing schedule got under way. Lumbering B-24s of Eastern Air Command, some American and some RAF, thundered over to lay sticks of bombs on the point. Several fires were started. For three hours the Liberators bombed, with B-25s and Mosquitoes streaking in between flights to bomb and strafe.

By mid-afternoon, one and one-half miles from the point, you passed through villages that had taken some of the heaviest bombing. Incendiary bombs had sparked the bamboo and grass huts as though they were cellophane. Now they were nothing but smoking embers. The inhabitants, some terrified and shaken, streamed back. They said some Japs were headed your way. Although there were Jap ack-ack emplacements all over the place, none of them showed signs of having been occupied for some time.

And then the forward platoon bumped the Japs.

The lieutenant colonel in charge of the battalion heard about it over his handie-talkie. He casually twirled his eight-inch red mustache and then gave brief orders. "Set the three-inch mortars up," he said, "and put smoke shells on those bunkers up there. We'll call for fighter support." He pointed to some high mounds that looked like pyramids about three-quarters of a mile away. The RAF air-ground radio team contacted the planes and as soon as the bunkers had been marked by smoke shells, fighters roared in to bomb and strafe. This went on for half an hour. Then the forward platoon radioed that the remaining Japs had beat it, so the battalion pushed on—a bit more cautiously now, for this was the last mile to the point.

The bunkers, you discovered upon reaching them, had been constructed so long ago that they were overgrown with grass and looked like hills. But there was no other high ground in the vicinity, so they stood out like sore thumbs. Each bunker had an interior of heavy wooden planking and slits for machine guns. Near them were freshly dug foxholes. Beside you a stolid-faced Ghurka straightened the ends of the cotter pins in his grenades, readying them for quick pulling.

The forward company, which you were travelling with now, got to a series of bunkers only 600 yards from the point when a sniper's bullet whined overhead. More shots followed. Everyone ducked for cover. A Ghurka grabbed your arm and pointed. There, in plain view 200 yards away, were some figures walking among beached landing barges and bunkers. A Ghurka Bren gunner opened up. The figures started running. The whole company began shooting. Once more the three-inch mortar was brought up and the fighters dove in. For some reason the Japs refused to take cover; they kept running from barge to bunker across open ground.

"Must be bomb-happy," said a captain. "In three months at Imphal and Kohima last year I only saw two Japs who exposed themselves."

Under covering fire the Ghurkas began to run and squirm up on the Japs. But before they could get to within 100 yards of them, the Japs disappeared. The place we had seen them was north of Elephant Point. The company commander put his glasses on the point for a few moments, then decided to slip his company south of the Japs to get to the point while another company occupied them with plenty of firing.

You moved the last 600 yards with ready rifle as the company skirted bomb craters, peered into bunkers and frisked bushes. Before you knew it, you were walking up to a Jap radar tower and realizing that the water 30 yards on the other side of it was the Rangoon River. You had reached the objective—but the fighting was not over.

The point, like the previous villages, was a maze of bomb craters. It contained little besides the radar tower, two shrapnel-shattered bungalows, a few gun emplacements and a half-dozen bunkers. "I reckon," said a Britisher, "that the Jap threw all his radar equipment and shore-defense guns in the drink."

Then the Japs started firing again. There was *Nambu* fire this time, crackling in short bursts. And again the Japs started coming out into the open. Other paratroop companies moved up and filtered into positions between the point and the Japs. The firing increased on both sides. A flame thrower was brought up to silence the machine gun in one of the bunkers, but the ground was too open to get it near enough. A British officer and two Ghurkas crawled up with grenades. When within 10 yards of the *Nambu* they popped to their feet to attack the slit it was firing from. The officer was killed and one of the Ghurkas wounded. They had succeeded, however, in forcing the Japs out, and a heavy Vickers machine gun caught them as they ran out the back.

Snipers' bullets were pinging all over the place. A big steel landing barge on the beach 200 yards inshore seemed to be the Jap CP, so mortar fire was put on it. Just then a flight of C-47s with fighter escort started circling to drop supplies to the rear company. The air-ground radio team borrowed the fighters to thoroughly strafe the Jap barge until it was aflame from stem to stern. It burned brightly all night.

"Looks like it's going to be a nice quiet evening," grinned a sergeant. There were Japs on three sides of the perimeter, with the river on the other side. You had wondered why there had been no Japs on the point, but now you began to feel uneasily that it had been a trap. The firing finally tapered off to scattered shots now and then, but everyone expected a counter-attack during the night.

Too tired to dig in, you curled up in your ground sheet in a bomb crater. The attack never came that night, but the rain did. Torrents of it came down from midnight until dawn. You took cover in a bunker with nine other men, trying to sleep sitting up but instead managing only to sweat it out and ache.

Some villagers came in the morning and said the Japs had pulled out during the night. They said there had only been about 50 of them near the point, that the rest had left in barges the night before we arrived, after hearing the British were driving into Rangoon down the road from Mandalay.

Suddenly a shout went up. Everyone ran to the crest of a sand dune and looked. It was the D-Day convoy. The landing craft chugged up the channel and swung past a buoy 300 yards offshore. The paratroopers hollered "Good luck," and some of the men on the boats waved back. When some of the LCAs stopped at the point on the way out to pick up paratroop casualties, you went with them. Rangoon, the last big Jap base in Burma, fell to the British the following day.

Ghurkas, with battle dress and rubber jump helmets, line up before take-off.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Camp Susupe

By Cpl. TOM O'BRIEN

YANK Staff Correspondent

SAIPAN, THE MARIANAS — Hisenaga, favorite candy maker of the Japanese troops, is again making candy; Kuahara, the shoemaker, is back over his last; Sugawa, the dressmaker, has reopened her shop; Akiko Matsuoku, most popular barberette of old Garapan, is again cutting hair. The banker, the toolmaker, the police chief, the store clerk, the bookkeeper are back at work again, the same work but under new management. Peasant farmers, imported years ago from Okinawa to work the cane, are in the fields again. Civilian Saipan is back to a normalcy really astonishing for a newly conquered island in the Pacific.

In the less than 11 months since the island was declared secured, a frightened, pauperized Japanese population has been reorganized to help itself, the American garrison, and indirectly, the progress of our war against Japan. The first experiment in the management and rehabilitation of enemy Asiatics is a success. Unending patience with a naturally suspicious and thoroughly propagandized people is paying off.

Plans for the welfare of Saipan's civilian population were laid long before the first assault waves went ashore. Saipan, we knew, was the granary, the supply center, for the entire Jap Marianas. We knew thousands of alien civilians worked in the fields and in the factories.

The worst days are over. In the beginning, during the battle and the chaos which immediately followed, thousands upon thousands of Japanese, Koreans, Carolinians and native Chamorros were as so many unfathomable faces. Among the Japanese, who were the civil leaders? Who would be willing to help in the task of reorganizing a shattered populace? Problems were many: sanitation in a compound the size of a normal Stateside town; shelter where no shelters existed; administration of an alien mass which could not understand our tongue nor our ways. These were people who had been taught to hate us; to them Americans were torturers and sex-fiends, oppressors who refused peoples of the East the right to live.

Civilian Saipan has flourished. Its city is Camp Susupe, named after a lake in the vicinity. The camp city contains almost 18,000 people, from bearded ancients to newborn babies. It is completely organized and administered, each national compound with its own officials and power of representation at camp headquarters.

Bernard E. Volkman PhM1c, of Los Angeles, watched Camp Susupe grow.

"There were really eight camps in the beginning, dispersed around the island as collecting points," he said. "Nationalities were segregated from the start, as best we could, and separate quarters were established for Japanese males. This was to prevent possible disorders. But everything worked out pretty smoothly. I remember only one Chinese, an old guy who had come to Saipan many years before; he had been adopted by a Korean family."

The people of Camp Susupe work, and are paid for it. Under fixed labor laws unskilled workers receive 35 cents a day; skilled craftsmanship brings 50 cents. Department heads, such as the chief of police, and the head of the finance office, are paid from $20 to $30 a month, over and above food and shelter. Young Chamorro messboys receive 25 cents a day.

Lt. Lewis E. Davis, of Bronxville, N. Y., who is head of the economics section at the Camp, figures that most of a worker's weekly wage goes directly back to the Trade Store, which was opened within the compounds on September 30. Here clothing—excess Navy material for men, dungarees, shirts, women's shoes and ready-made dresses—handicraft items, toilet articles, cigarettes and candy may be purchased at a slight mark-up above the regular Navy purchase price.

The normal monthly payroll for Susupe is about $45,000, Lt. Davis said. A former manager of the Pekin and Canton branches of the National City Bank of New York between 1920 and 1930, Lt. Davis has organized stock companies for the three branches of the Trade Store. The Japanese company has $20,000 capital, with 2,000 shares at $10; the Korean $2,500 and the Chamorros $5,000, with shares at the same rate.

"No one is permitted to purchase more than 10 shares," he said. "In this way no one will get rich, and profits will be spread around. We'll set ceiling prices, audit the books and watch accounts, but otherwise the three stores will be run strictly by their own people."

Another place where the people of Camp Susupe are not only permitted but urged to help themselves is on the farms. A cooperative system has been worked out among 680 people, chiefly Japanese. To date, 356 acres of Saipan's fertile soil have been assigned and are being cleared, while 255 acres already are seeded and producing. During the month of January, for instance, the cooperative produced 194,464 pounds of vegetables, with a value of $3,025.81. The produce was purchased by the Navy for $3,486.81, a sum split up among the 680 members of the co-op.

Cmdr. George W. Schattle, of Cincinnati, CO of the Jap compound, said it is often difficult to explain to men who have been in combat why America takes such good care of Saipan's Japanese.

"One day a B-29 flyer visited the camp. He had just lost his best friend over Nagoya. He couldn't see the sense behind our treatment of the internees. 'You feed and clothe them, treat them as you'd treat flood victims in the states. Do you think they treat American prisoners like this? Dammit, I'd kill them all!' "

The good treatment meted out at Susupe reached the eyes and ears of fugitive Jap soldiers, hiding out in Saipan's mountain caverns. In the early days these soldiers would try to work their way into labor groups in the fields, and return to camp with them. Civilians, alone, however, are permitted in Susupe, and disguised soldiers had to be weeded out. PWs have a stockade in the hills.

"The Jap soldier has a much better position than the civilian," Cmdr. Schattle said. "He is fully protected by the League of Nations, he receives 80 cents a day, he is guaranteed food and clothing and set hours of work. The civilian is owed nothing by the Geneva Conference."

Lt. (jg) Robert E. Long, of Burlington, Vt., who spent 10 years of his childhood in North China, helped organize the first Japanese compound at Camp Susupe.

"They were hard days in the beginning," he said. "Day after day thousands would come down from the hills and we had to find shelter and food, combat the spread of disease, attend to the wounded, get proper food for the children. July 6 to 16 was our toughest period—a thousand a day came into camp. Now there is only a handful at a time. There can't be very many civilians left up there, but it is difficult to talk them into giving up.

"Just a few weeks ago two soldiers were captured in a cave, along with a 14-year-old girl. They apparently had taken good care of her, and she cried when they took the soldiers off to the PW camp. She begged to go along. Through an interpreter we told her that her father, from whom she had been separated during the battle, was perhaps living in Camp Susupe. She stopped crying, said goodbye to the soldiers, and came along hopefully. Happy ending, too, for her father *was* in the camp."

A Japanese laborer counts his money on pay day.

Control of disease has been one of Susupe's chief problems. "At first they distrusted aid men who bandaged their wounds and gave them medicine. Inoculations were particularly terrifying. It took three or four months to convince them we were really interested in their health. Disease was rampant," Volkman explained.

Perhaps the first group demonstration of gratitude for American kindness came when a shipment of nipples and bottles arrived through the American Red Cross. Three midwives of the Jap camp wrote a letter, in Japanese, to ARC headquarters in Washington:

" . . . . since we lost most of our property, including our clothes, we were anxious about the children. When we received these presents as God's help, not only the parents but we too were very, very happy."

There are 72 children in the camp's orphanage. Robert V. Fair PhM1c, of Toledo, Ohio, is in charge of the dispensary.

This Saipan civilian works as a smithy.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"We're finally catching up with their inherited diseases," he said. "We've dewormed them, inoculated them for scabies, worked on their syphilis. Sixty-nine percent of the camp's children have some form of congenital syphilis."

Many orphans have already been adopted by relatives and friends of the family, Fair pointed out, and the Japanese compound has raised a $400 fund to help support the orphanage. The children are now housed in a modern wooden building, with running water and all sanitary conveniences. There is also a special "Children's Farm," where youngsters too young to help in the fields play all day in the sun. A motherly Japanese woman is in charge of the orphans, supervising their entire day.

"She took an interest in the children right from the start," Fair said, "so we encouraged her, and put her on full time. Then we learned she had been the madam of one of Saipan's most thriving geisha houses, and wondered what the Japanese elders would think, whether they'd object. Authorities quietly looked around for reactions, but everybody thinks the world of her, especially the orphans themselves, so she's a fixture."

Camp Susupe's children are attending school under Japanese teachers. The younger boys and girls go to classes in the morning and spend the afternoon at play or in the fields; the teen-agers work in the morning and have school in the afternoon.

The education and recreation program is under the supervision of Lt. John L. Taylor, of Oriska, N. Dak., who came ashore on D-Day. He spent two years in Malaya, teaching geography, and escaped from Singapore shortly before it fell to the Japanese on February 15, 1942.

"We have a total of 3,987 children in our school system," Lt. Taylor said. "We still are not equipped to handle them all with any amount of efficiency, but the education program is blossoming. In our No. 1 school there are 2,800 boys and girls ranging from 7 to 14 years of age. These are all Japanese. There is also a Korean school—234 children and five Korean adult teachers. The headman of the school is also a priest, and combines Bible talks with his classes. There are two farm schools, one with 175 and the other with 127 pupils. The Chamorros have their own school, with 580 children. The orphanage has its own tutor and 76 pupils."

"The adults are eager to learn English," Lt. Taylor pointed out. "We have forced no one to learn our language. They have asked for it. Labor foremen, white-collar workers and the police have shown special anxiety. At present we have 250 adults enrolled for evening classes in English, in six classes spread evenly over the week. There are three regular teachers at the moment, Navy enlisted men who work at Camp Susupe, Robert V. Fair of the orphanage, Aaron Stein HA1c and Hansford Harris F2c, of Los Angeles, Calif. Others are being processed for the work."

Recreational facilities are always being expanded. The Japanese love sports, and equipment for baseball, softball and volleyball is always sought.

The two-strand wire fence around Camp Susupe's sprawling acres is far from the barbed wire of a concentration camp. Lt. John J. Horan of the Bronx, N. Y., public safety officer, claims no one would wander off even if you invited him. Only two men have gone AWOL from Susupe. Both were soldiers who had been detected among the civilians; they fled when informed they would have to be transferred to the PW compound.

"They know they're safe from all harm inside the camp," Lt. Horan said. "Many have lived in hiding in the hills and know what the security of Susupe means. The fence, really, keeps people out rather than in."

He explained that one of his constant problems is to keep gawking servicemen outside the camp. "There seems to be a perpetual urge to look at these people, to pry into their privacy," he said. "We have a mobile MP patrol circulating outside the area, keeping men and machines on the move." Passes are issued to official visitors, correspondents and social workers.

Lt. Horan, a graduate of Fordham law school and formerly with the legal department of the New York police force, has helped organize Camp Susupe's guards. The outer guard, at the various gates, is composed of Chamorro policemen and three women. Inside the Japanese compound there are 60 Japanese police, and 16 Korean police in the Korean area.

"The Japanese policemen have done an excellent job," Lt. Horan said. "In the beginning the people looked down upon the police as traitors, men who sided with the enemy against their own people. Now the camp realizes these men are working for the mutual benefit of everyone."

The main job of the interior police is to check sanitation, see that houses are kept clean, and maintain order. Public bathing is now taboo, although in the early days it was a common thing to see the Japanese men and women bathing naked at the same well. Lack of facilities made such a practice necessary in the beginning.

Guards at the gates search all workers as they leave the camp in the morning and on their return at night. This was done, at first, to stop petty pilfering around the island, and also to curb shrewd businessmen from carrying out old Japanese currency to sell to servicemen.

"Laborers who got 35 cents a day often came back with pockets bulging with American money," Lt. Horan said. "The news got around, and higher-paid office workers were asking for field work, anticipating higher revenues from outside transactions."

Camp officials themselves put three Chamorro policewomen at the gates, to search female workers. Many women, however, have complained to the Grievance Committee that the female guards are too rough; they'd much prefer the gentler males.

Garapan, once Saipan's capital, was battered in the invasion bombardment, and even the ruins have been moved away. Charon Kanoa now is the only town on the island. Here the Chamorran populace lives, in repaired concrete houses, once the homes of the Japanese middle and higher class. The chief of the village is Elias Sablan, 40, who speaks five languages (English, Japanese, Spanish, Chamorran and Korean). He learned English at Guam years ago, and because of it was at first jailed by the Japanese, then released when they realized his value as interpreter and overseer.

The general attitude of servicemen towards Camp Susupe is best shown by the Christmas party given by a Seabee unit for Japanese children. Members of the unit held a conference before plans were organized, to argue the pros and cons of entertaining the children of our enemies. This was the argument that won for the party-backers:

"After the war we're likely to maintain control of Saipan. It will be ours. These people will probably stay. They'll be under our government. It is time now to show them we're serious about 'democracy.'"

A towering mass of shell-torn tin and iron, once Japan's biggest sugar refinery in the Marianas, has stood as a gaunt symbol of the past over Camp Susupe since the American invasion of Saipan. Japanese and Korean laborers sweated there, or in the cane fields, to make Japan more prosperous. Now the battered structure is coming down, piece by piece.

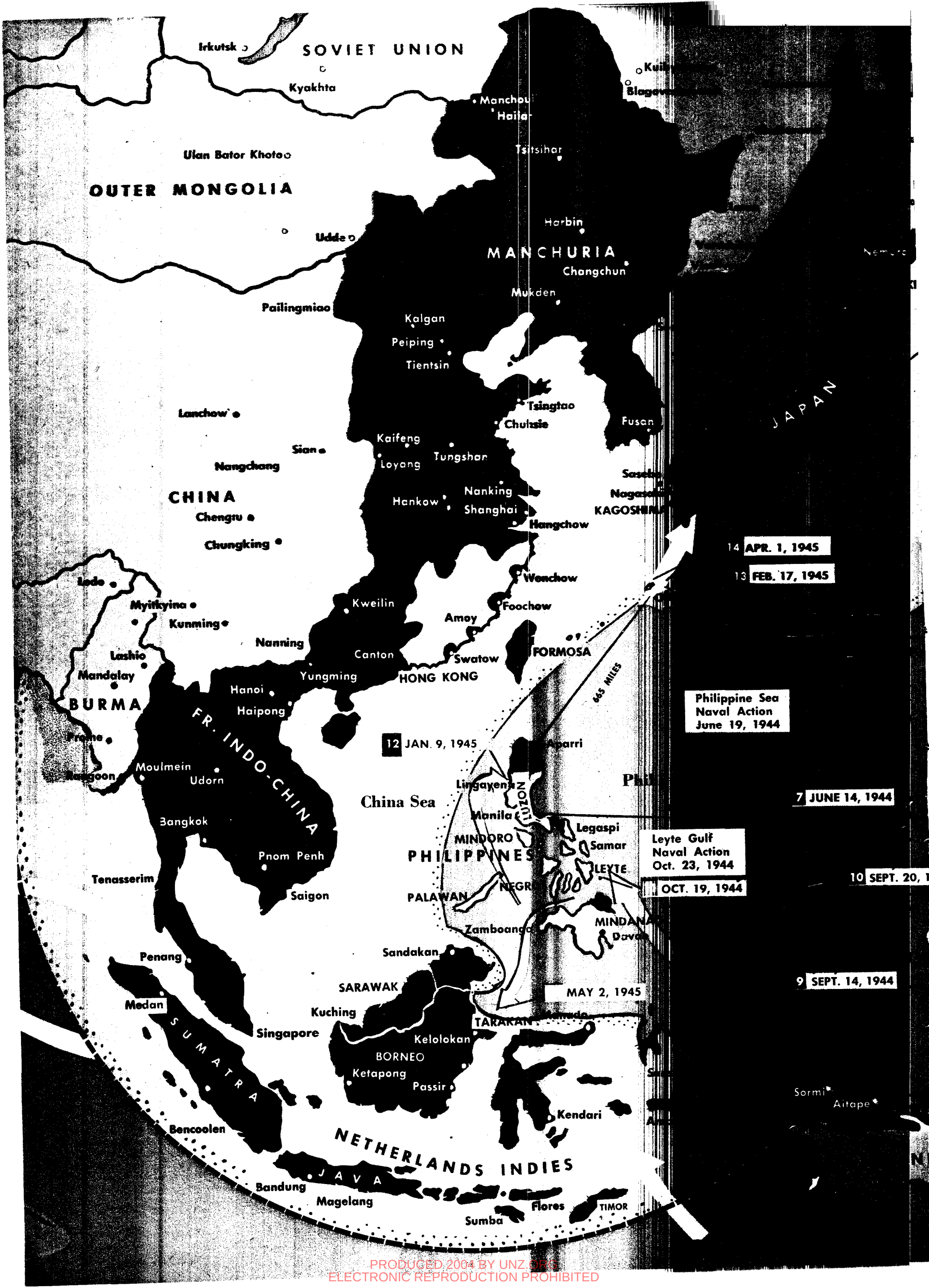
A Chamorro policeman stationed at Camp Susupe.

On Saipan the Army operates its first large experiment in dealing with captured enemy aliens. Japs in this GI camp help govern it and work both for the Army and their own profit.

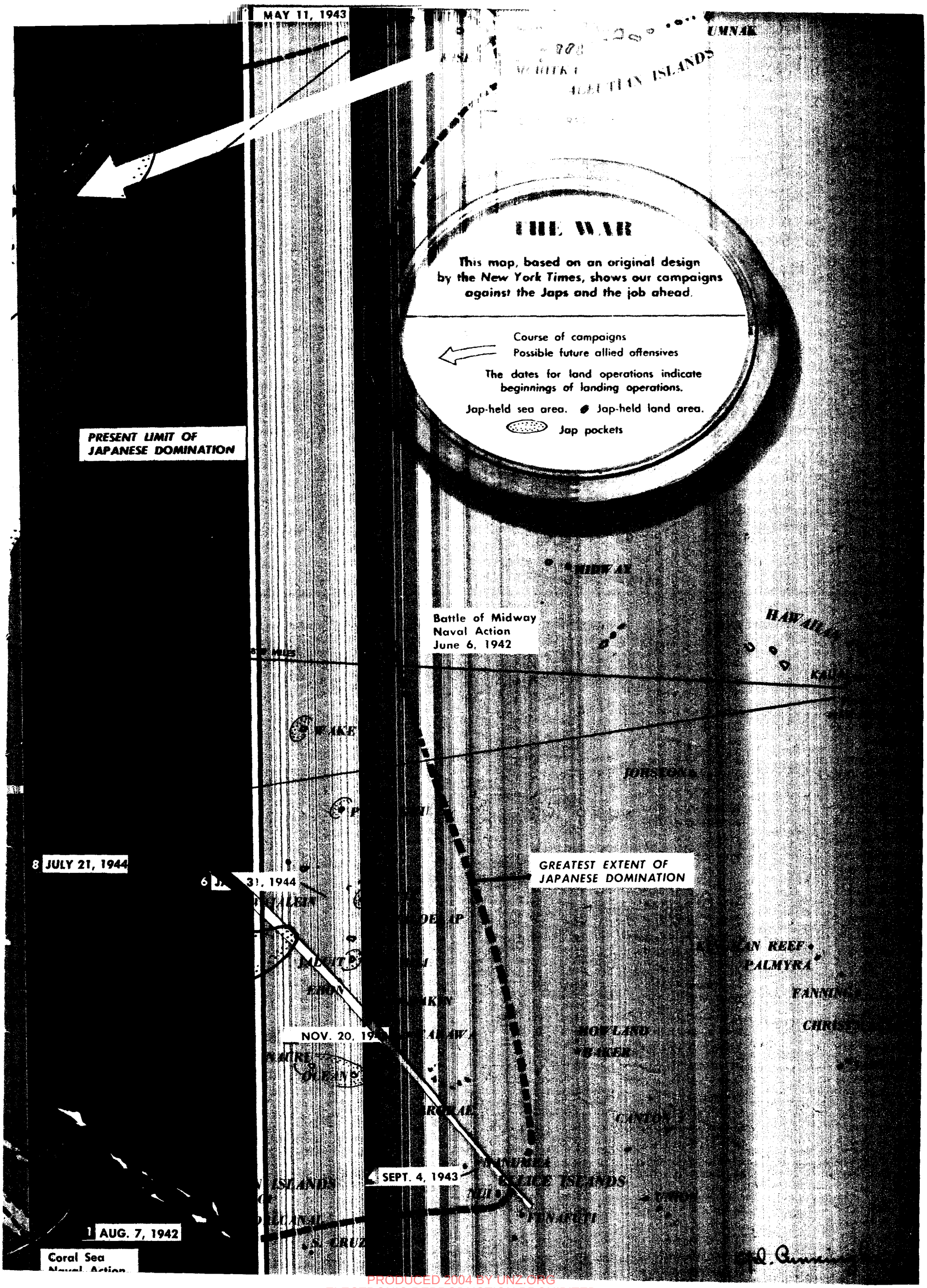
She works in Camp Susupe's tailor shop.

An old Japanese fisherman holds up the day's catch.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Great Big Wait

By Cpl. SAM ELKIN

All of a sudden it got so quiet in the office he thought he heard someone say: The main idea, the chief thing, is to do a job. And it wasn't until he seemed to hear the sentence repeated again that he realized it was running through his own head, slowly and coherently at first, then faster and faster until the very phrase seemed to jerk him forward over the typewriter.

He stood up out of his chair behind the desk. He picked up the sheaf of papers he was typing from, thumbed through the pages with unseeing eyes and tossed the batch on the desk again.

"Chairborne soldier," he said.

Any other time it would have been funny. It was a favorite joke in the office, usually spoken with a tinge of contempt and cynicism but always good for a laugh.

It wasn't funny now. It wasn't cynical. Nor contemptuous, either. The whole damned thing seemed pretty sad.

He went over to the open window at the far side of the room. The office was empty. Everybody was out in front of the Big House accepting coffee and doughnuts from the Red Cross girls who came around every Saturday afternoon.

Outside it was warm and quiet. It was a clear warm sunny day, and from the window he could see the way the earth was beginning to respond to the warmth. The grass was greener and the trees seemed ready for living again, seemed waiting for the warmth to seep into their roots. Waiting.

That word, buried in his mind, came out again. Now it began to grow as large as the trees, as large as the sun. It began to shimmer in huge letters on the green grass and rise up like vapor into the blue sky and now it seemed to hang onto the plane that moved swiftly across the sky. Waiting. Like a tow target.

He shook his head. From the window he could see the path that circled for about a quarter of a mile beside the hedgerows and led into the rear camp area. At 8:15 every morning he could see himself walking up that path to the office. At 11:30 he could see himself returning down that path for chow. At 12:45 he would be coming to the office again. At 5:30 every evening he would be on his way back to camp again.

How long had he been doing it this way? Quickly he tried to remember the beginning. Two years? No. Two and a half. God. Thirty months overseas of the same thing, the same way, the same words, the same chair, the same desk, every day in every way, the same thing every day, everything the same.

Way back there, before the beginning here began, there had been an anticipation, a newness, but it had all settled into the waiting. The waiting sneaked into you at first. Then, periodically, it curdled your blood and energy, growing always stronger and more vicious. Everybody waited. The whole damned Army waited. Those in combat waited with anticipation, and uncertainty which was the worst thing of all. Those behind desks waited in heavy boredom of sameness and exactness.

Little things came to his mind now. He remembered the few times career gunners and pilots came into the office—how it seemed to him that they brought with them a fresh cool wind. He remembered, in the dark night walking down the path back to camp after working late, how he could feel the men who had fought and been killed on this ground, over which he now moved in safety and comfort to accomplish the main idea, the chief thing, to do a job.

A quick sense of guilt touched him.

He turned around and went back to his desk.

"What the hell am I talking about?" he said out loud. "Other guys out there would give anything to be in my shoes." He knew this was true and yet it was no real comfort. There was, rather, a feeling of helplessness and smallness and insignificance, the same feeling he had had coming over on the boat. There was one evening he remembered, with the sun going down, dragging its palette of colors across the sky, across the rolling ocean, across the great distances of sky and water, making him feel small and helpless before such vastness. Now it was the same feeling, the same helplessness even in the face of the job where he'd do the most good, where if he didn't do it someone else would, where your job and his job and the other guy's job added up to one big team, where the main idea, the chief thing, was to do a job.

He glanced around the room. He saw the battleline map of the Western Front over by the window. To the left of the thread marking the battleline were the Allies. To the right, the enemy—the enemy he had never really seen, the enemy he had learned to hate from others, not as he had learned to hate the waiting. That cold thread of battleline represented warm blood and cold blood and blood that had run out. And thinking of it this way he began to feel the smallness of himself again, the smallness of his own personal waiting.

He spun around as the door opened and Maj. Markham, the section chief, came in. The major looked at him, said nothing. He watched the major go into his office and shut the door.

He stood by his desk. He looked down at the papers on his desk, at his typewriter, around the room again, now at the hanging calendar on the bulletin board. He went over to the calendar.

March 1945. He picked up March, looked at April, then at June and July and August.

He did not hear the major's door open, did not know he was watching until he heard the major say slowly and evenly: "One helluva lot of months there."

Without turning he answered: "Yes, sir. One whole helluva goddam lot of months."

In the room there was a deep silence for a few moments. Then the major spoke slowly and evenly again: "The great big wait," he said. Nothing more.

He did not move until he heard the major's door shut. Then he turned, went back to his desk and sat down before the typewriter. He would finish these reports first because they were important. Then he would tell the major, as he had every Saturday afternoon for as long as he could remember, that he was going to the Big House for coffee and doughnuts from the Red Cross, and that he would be gone only 15 minutes.

No more than 15 minutes.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YANK FICTION

A Swell Guy

By T Sgt. BEN AMAR

FRANCE—Flub fingered the ornate doorbell tentatively, said audibly, "Oh, what the hell!" and leaned on it. He pulled his uniform together in the right places, plastered a big greeting smile half across his lumpy red face and waited a moment before giving the button another vigorous jamming. He had an uneasy moment as a vague shadow loomed in the opaque glass panel.

The door was opened and the brilliance of the light blinded Flub for a moment. With large hearty movements he entered, grabbing the hands of the woman who stood there. "Well, well, well," he exploded. "You must be Mrs. Mason—Betty—he always talked so much about. I woulda—"

It was like resisting a tornado but the woman managed to retrieve her crushed hands and interrupt. "No sir, you've made a mistake. I'm the maid. You're Mr. — I mean Cpl. Duggs, aren't you? Mrs. Mason is expecting you in the living room. Right this way, please."

Somewhat abashed, he allowed himself to be ushered along the hall. He hadn't pulled his punches at the greeting and still felt himself sluggging blows through the thin air. The maid stopped suddenly.

"In here, sir," she said. He didn't notice the step leading down to the sunken level of the room and nearly fell into it.

"Cpl. Duggs, I'm so happy to meet you at last. I'm Mrs. Mason." He glanced up to see this vision standing by the mantel in something white and flowing and flimsy, one hand outstretched like a lazy Nazi salute. She was a knockout. Jim hadn't exaggerated.

He pulled her hand down out of the air and pumped it. "And I'm pleased to meet Jim Mason's little lady," he said. "Man, that old dog didn't do you no justice at all, ma'am."

Mrs. Mason flushed a little, but smiled her appreciation of the pretty obvious flattery. "Jim's coming right down. He was getting into his dinner jacket when I left him. He still takes the stairs a little slowly. He's not quite used to it, yet. Come, do sit down." She waved him graciously to a chair.

Grunting, he wriggled his rump into a comfortable position and ponderously crossed his legs. "Yes sir, first thing I thought of when I got this furlough. Look up Jim and his missus. How I missed that old boy. Why, when he was sent home after that happened. Mrs. Mason—shucks, you don't mind if I call you Betty, do you?"

"Of course not," she interposed. "There are cigars or cigarettes there to your right, Mr. — er, Flub." She tried, but the name still came out like something polysyllabic and unpronounceable.

"No sir, Betty," he went on. "There weren't two greater pals in the whole United States Army than Jim Mason and Flub Duggs. Like that, we were." He flung up two closely joined fingers. "Didn't never see one without the other."

"I know," she said. "Jim's often spoken about how much he relied on you —"

"Flub!" Jim's appearance at the doorway interrupted her.

"Jim, ol' boy, ol' boy!" Flub sprang from his chair. With one dash he was at the door, hugging, pummelling Jim. "You old son of a bi—gun, you. How you making it, fellow? Gee, I'm glad to see you." His voice had raised in pitch.

Laughing, Jim was bundled into the room. Unbalanced, he stumbled a little and caught himself against the arm of a chair.

"Darling!" Mrs. Mason exclaimed involuntarily. Quickly she regained her composure and laughed nervously. "You men! Do come and sit down."

"Flub, you old scoundrel, you! You look swell. Look at that display of ribbons, Betty. Like a blamed rainbow. You sure they're all GI, Flub?" Jim sank on the lounge. Flub plunged down next to him, feasting his eyes.

"I can't believe it, Jim. Many's the time I've thought about this here moment. Why, Betty, we was like two brothers—you know, like those two fellows, Damon and Runyon." He slapped his thigh.

Mrs. Mason caught Jim's eye and looked away quickly. Luckily their attention was distracted by the maid's summons to dinner.

Flub's eyebrows raised slightly at the exquisite service and stayed that way throughout the meal. He had considerable difficulty dodging around the floral centerpiece and the candelabra to obtain a full view of Jim's face. He had modulated his booming voice in the atmosphere of candlelight and gleaming napery.

"How much longer do you have, er, Flub?" Mrs. Mason said, desperately trying not to notice the crystal goblet teetering on the edge of the table.

Flub swallowed half the food in his mouth. "Still got a couple of weeks," he said. "Say, Jim, this ain't nothing like that mud hole up above Naples, is it? What the hell was it called? Pardon me, Betty, that kinda slipped out. 'Member? We went right up there from Caserta and bivouacked. Funny, I can't think of it but all those Eyetalian names was funny anyhow. That time Jerry came over and I fell in the straddle trench—on purpose, too."

"The what?" asked Mrs. Mason.

Jim broke in, "It was a kind of refuse dump, Betty." Flub, who had forgotten himself for a moment, laughed uproariously and banged the table, which resulted in considerable tinkling, spattered candle wax and the destruction of the crystal goblet.

Dinner over, they returned to the living room and Jim held Flub back long enough to whisper, "I'd offer you a drink, Flub, but Betty has a sort of—"

"Now, that's perfectly all right, Jim; I understand." Flub said in a conspiratorial whisper. Then in a louder voice, "What are you folks doing tomorrow night? I want to show you a few spots I've discovered."

Mrs. Mason glanced nervously at Jim. "Why, nothing, I guess," she said sweetly. "Of course, we do have tickets for the opera. But, Jim, you could call the Morgans and tell them we couldn't make it. I'm sure they'll understand. Their daughter's making her debut in it," she explained to Flub.

Flub shook his head. "Oh, I couldn't let you call off anything like that. How about Saturday?"

Jim, visibly embarrassed, flushed as he said, "Doggone it, that's one night I can't possibly make it. I'm clinching a business deal with some old duffer I've been working on all spring."

"How about Sunday?" suggested Mrs. Mason brightly. "We could—oh, that old lodge reunion of yours, Jim! Isn't that the limit!"

Flub coughed. "Well, we'll have to see about it somehow."

Jim said with forced heartiness that of course they'd see about it.

Shortly afterwards Mrs. Mason developed a terrific headache. "I know you men are secretly pleased that I'm going to retire just so you can talk to your heart's content. I'm so glad I met you, Flub. Do make some arrangements with Jim."

It wasn't much later that Jim came upstairs after letting Flub out.

"Is it next week?" Betty asked sleepily.

Jim paused in untying his shoe lace. "He's leaving Tuesday. Has to be back."

She sat up in bed. "Be back? But he said—" She settled back on her pillow and yawned, "Well, good night, dear. He's really a very nice person."

"Yeah, he's a swell guy, Flub."

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GI HOME LOAN

Before the Veterans' Administration will guarantee up to $2,000 of your home loan, it must know almost to the dollar what the house is worth and what repairs are necessary.

By Sgt. BARRETT McGURN
YANK Staff Writer

RICHMOND, VA.—Pfc. Herbert J. Pugh was an MP on the gate at the Cherry Point, N. C., Marine Base a year ago when he met Cpl. Florence Streng of the same camp. Rank meant nothing to Herbert because on the gate he was always telling off everybody except the colonel, so the pfc began courting the corporal.

Herb passed 41 and drew an over-age discharge. He and Florence were married and she followed him out of service with a "Section 858," a release for approaching motherhood.

The Pughs set about finding a place to take up housekeeping, and therein lies the story. They became the first veteran couple to obtain a home loan under the GI Bill of Rights. Their experiences are a good clue to what other vets can expect when they buy a home under the act.

First thing the Pughs discovered was that it is hard nowadays to find any place to live. Florence had vague ideas about "one of those lovely *Ladies' Home Journal* cottages where you press a button and an infra-red light bastes the chicken, and there are glass walls, and it's all ginghamy."

The places up for rent weren't a bit like that. The Pughs tried 50 addresses. For $55 a month they were offered lodgings on the outskirts of Richmond where they would have had to share the one bath with a family which, fortunately or unfortunately, didn't appear to use it very often. For $125 a month in a swanky apartment-hotel they could have got a bedroom and sitting room, plus a closet with an ovenless two-burner laundry stove as the "kitchenette."

When Herb happened to hear of a six-room, "one-and-a-half-story" stucco house for sale in a desirable part of Richmond, the Pughs instantly decided to buy instead of rent. Two days later, their names were on the dotted line. The price was $7,200. The owner made the Pughs put down $500 and gave them 60 days to produce the rest.

The Pughs had heard something about the home-loan provisions of the GI Bill of Rights, so they dropped in at the Franklin Federal Savings & Loan Association to get the lowdown. They told Frank Groves, the bank's vice president, that they wanted $8,000—$7,200 to pay for the house and $800 to cover repairs.

Groves sat down to tell them the score. It was 10:30 A.M. When the three stood up again, it was an hour and a half after lunch. There were literally hundreds of questions the bank had to ask for itself and for the Veterans' Administration, which represents the Government in the GI home loans.

The bank, Groves explained, lends the full sum to the veteran, while the Government, through the Veterans' Administration, agrees to make good $2,000, or 50 percent of the $4,000 loan, if the veteran goes bad on the loan and the bank has to foreclose. The Pughs could get a $4,000 guarantee—$2,000 apiece—because each is a veteran.

The Richmond banker made no bones about the fact that he was not interested in making a bum loan.

"I'd hate to be the first one to foreclose a veteran," he said frankly. "It would be in all the papers."

Groves started by asking what Herb was doing for a living now that he was out of the Marines, and how much he was making. Pugh said he was a traveling salesman for the Benjamin T. Crump Company, selling automobile equipment through northern and western Virginia. He said he had a guaranteed income of $2,400 a year, but that commissions brought his earnings up to about $60 to $65 a week.

Groves said that was good, because the bank's rule was that the monthly payments on a house should not exceed the buyer's weekly salary. Including taxes and insurance, monthly payments on $8,000 for 20 years at the GI interest rate of 4 percent would be only $59.50.

Next, Groves inquired how long Pugh had lived in Richmond. He said the bank was leery about making home loans to newcomers likely to want to move somewhere else after the war boom dies down. Pugh said he was born right in Charlotte County, Va., and had lived a good 17 years in Richmond before he volunteered for the Marines.

The banker next wanted to know what sort of neighborhood the Pughs were buying into.

"If he were a wealthy boy," Groves explained later, "we wouldn't let him buy in a slum, for example, even if it was the only home he could find. He wouldn't be satisfied there as the years went by. He wouldn't want to raise a family there."

The bank had the Retail Merchants' Association of Richmond check up on Pugh's reputation for paying bills and living within his income, and then Mr. Groves was ready to ship the application off to the Veterans' Administration offices in Washington and Roanoke, Va., for the Government's approval.

Then the Pughs began sweating out the answer. Originally, they had asked for only a 30-day option on the house, but at the last minute Herb wisely told the owner: "Better give us 60 days. The Government never does anything on time."

Pretty soon, Herb was sorry he hadn't made it 90 days. The first 30 days ran out with no word from the Veterans' Administration, and soon the second 30 were running low. To make things worse, the owner was all business and kept telling the Pughs that the day after they'd signed up he had a call from someone who wanted to buy the house sight unseen over the telephone.

Florence and Herb talked nervously about cashing in their War Bonds and hitting up their relatives and friends for small loans. They could have raised the rest of the $7,200, but it would have meant skipping a lot of important repairs.

What was taking the VA so long was that it had to get an appraisal of the Pughs' intended home from one of the experts on the Veterans' Administration list of approved investigators. The VA in Washington called on Morton Thalhimer, one of Richmond's leading real-estate operators, to do the job. Thalhimer drove out to see the house at 4208 Cutshaw Avenue and, counting the time of two assistants, had to spend 16 man-hours getting the dope the VA wanted.

THE VA's prepared form required Thalhimer to tell just what shape the house was in, with no details omitted. Via the proper spaces on the form, Thalhimer informed Washington that the floors were in poor condition, that the single bath was "fair." As required, he noted that the gutters were copper and "good," the electric fixtures mostly "okay" but old-fashioned; the closets "in bedroom only."

He also had to let Washington in on the fact that the roof was slate and the outside structure stucco on frame. He added that there were no termites, dry rot or dampness but that the back porch was settling. The overall condition of the house he described as "good."

But that wasn't the end. The form asked whether the neighborhood had all the facilities the Pughs would need for the next 20 years.

Thalhimer scribbled down that it was five-eighths of a mile to the stores Mrs. Pugh would patronize, 14 blocks to the grammar school the veterans' unborn child would probably attend in 1951 and one block to Thomas Jefferson High School, which would come in handy around 1959.

The form asked how far it was to church. Thalhimer didn't know the Pughs' faith, so he just put down the nearest house of worship, three blocks away. As things turned out, it was the wrong church. When the Pughs went to worship on Easter Sunday, they found that the nearest chapel of their denomination was three miles off.

Thalhimer listed painstakingly all the neighborhood utilities, available and unavailable. There was water, a sewage system, gas, paved streets, sidewalks and curbs, but the alleys, he noted, were unpaved.

Did the Pughs' house fit the neighborhood, or would they feel out of place? Thalhimer assured the Government that "size of lot and type of house (are) typical of district," though he had to concede that "stucco houses (are) not typical."

The Government's curiosity was far from exhausted. How did the Pughs' price compare with what other people in the neighborhood had to pay in recent years? Thalhimer looked up the records in the Chancery Court, and double-checked by telephoning both the buyers and the sellers. The six-room stucco house across the street at 4205 Cutshaw Avenue sold a year ago for $7,200; the similar house next to it went for $6,500, and the eight-roomer at 4203 cost $12,000. Did Thalhimer consider these fair prices? Well, he did think the $12,000 was about $500 too high.

Which repairs were essential for the Pughs to make? Which were "other than necessary?" How much would each repair job cost?

THALHIMER's list of needed repairs came to $925. His list of "other than necessary" repairs added up to $475. The GI act covers only essential repairs—$925 in the Pughs' case. Veterans have to get money from somewhere else to handle "other than necessary" improvements.

The Pughs were impressed by the appraiser's uncanny accuracy. He figured the plaster, floor, wall and woodwork jobs at $555. The Pughs' actual bill was $568. In all, the couple is spending about $1,500 in repairs, half as much again as the appraiser would allow for borrowing purposes.

Thalhimer still hadn't finished answering Government questions: *1)* How much physical depreciation had there been since the house was built; *2)* how much economic depreciation; *3)* how much functional depreciation?

The second question meant in effect: Is it too good a house for too poor a neighborhood, or vice versa? The third question referred to the fact that many an old-time mansion is just a headache nowadays because few persons want, or can afford, big rooms that are hard to heat and clean.

In the case of the Pugh house, Thalhimer gave favorable answers to all three questions. But one GI whose application Groves the banker handled didn't come off so well. In that instance, the appraiser pointed out in answer to the second question that the $5,650 two-story house the vet wanted to buy stood out like a sore thumb in an area of small modern bungalows. The appraiser said $5,250 was all the house was worth.

The vet pleaded that he had a lot of dependents and couldn't find another house as good for $5,650, but the appraiser wouldn't back down. Groves finally managed to get the VA to appoint a new appraiser. The second man approved the loan.

Another question: How much would the Pughs' house bring in rent?—$65 a month as it was, $75 when repaired, Pugh told the VA.

More questions: How much would it cost to build a house like it nowadays?—$7,560. What was the insured value of the house?—$6,365. What was the value of the property based on other neighborhood sales?—$7,200. Based on "depreciated reproduction cost?"—$6,920.

At this point Thalhimer must have dusted off his crystal ball, because the form invited him to shuffle all these different figures together, take account of the fact that prices will probably drop after the war while the veteran is still paying off, and then come up with the "critical score"—the "reasonable normal value" of the house. Thalhimer could find no definition of what the Government meant by RNV, but he came up with a figure—$8,200. That okayed the $8,000 loan with a couple of hundred bucks to spare.

Thalhimer said that probable postwar deflation of prices was much on his mind as he concocted the RNV of $8,200. The Government's idea, so far

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as he can figure, is that a lot of veterans are in the position of a man ready to pay $1,500 for a $900 second-hand car that will resell after the war for not a cent more than $600. The Government, in Thalhimer's interpretation, wants nothing to do with deals like that.

Unless the Government is careful, Thalhimer says, there is danger that, after the war, neighbors with practically identical houses will come to home-owning veterans and propose something like this: "You have a $7,200 mortgage. Walk out on it, and I'll sell you my house for $6,000. Then you'll be in $1,200."

"Unless a veteran was in the real estate business before service, he doesn't know whether a house is worth $4,000, $5,000 or $6,000," the appraiser added. "Ten skilled appraisers might come up with 10 different conscientious RNVs on the same house, but all 10 would be within 5 percent of one another."

Because of all the precautions, many another veteran trying to buy a house has been less lucky than the Pughs in getting the Government to approve the wartime price asked for it.

As the thorough appraisal dragged on, the Pughs were about ready to chew nails. "I wish," Pugh told Groves several times while the 60 days ticked off, "I wish I'd put up my own money and let the GI act go to hell."

Several times the Pughs doubted they would get the loan, but each time Herb would say: "If they don't approve this one, I'd hate to see what happens to some of the kids coming back."

In his outfit, Herb had been considered practically a millionaire. When he was inducted, an officer asked him the routine question about how much he had made in civilian life. Pugh held up a long line of other recruits trying to explain that it was hard to figure an average week in his selling line. "Well," the officer cut in impatiently, "what did you make in your last week?"

When Pugh answered, "$760," the officer looked as if he wished he hadn't brought the matter up.

The Pughs may think they had a tough time getting their loan, but Groves says that their case was a breeze compared with some. He declared that a survey of 1,200 savings and loan associations showed that out of the first 9,421 interviews these institutions had with veterans and their families on GI home loans, only 934 veterans had reached the stage of filing applications and a mere 305 had received loans at the time the banks reported. Total loans requested amounted to $4,211,367. Loans actually granted totaled $187,305.

"I thought they were going to be easier on people," Pugh says. "I figured they just counted on throwing the $2,000 away. I was wrong."

THE fact that both the Pughs are veterans means that the Government will pay $160 of their interest charges for them instead of $80 as it would if only one were a veteran. The Government pays the first year's interest on that part of the loan it guarantees, which in the Pughs' combined case was $4,000 instead of the usual $2,000.

And the fact that the Government would insure $4,000 instead of $2,000 of the loan meant that the bank was more willing to put up its money, Groves said. In cases where the bank doesn't think that the Government is guaranteeing enough of the loan, veterans have the chance to do their borrowing through the Federal Housing Administration, which will insure up to $8,000 over and above the GI act's $2,000. The difference is that as much as 5 percent interest can be charged on the FHA-insured part of the loan. YANK will take up FHA loan procedure in another article.

Looking back, the Pughs feel that this low interest rate is one of the biggest benefits they got. Also, they point out, they obtained the loan without putting up any money of their own. If it weren't for the GI act, a bank would probably laugh at a veteran, or anybody else, trying to buy a house without forking over a nickel.

All is well now at 4208 Cutshaw Avenue. The suntans with the pfc stripe that Herb wears Saturday afternoons when he cuts the grass are the only reminders of their GI background. If you kid Florence about it being unbecoming for a high-ranking female corporal to marry a male pfc, she laughs and says there is nothing wrong with it "if the pfc minds the way he's supposed to."

Then her expression changes as she beams at her lord and master. "But now it's reversed," she says. "Those days are gone forever."

Mrs. Pugh [illegible] and her husband (right) discuss their loan with banker Frank Groves.

The Pughs in front of their six-room stucco house which they bought with the help of a GI home loan.

The two ex-GIs are reading up on homemaking.

Florence supervises Herb's lawn mowing.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

Mail Call

YANK is published weekly by the enlisted men of the U. S. Army, and is for sale only to those in the armed services. Stories, features, pictures and other material from YANK may be reproduced if they are not restricted by law or military regulations, provided proper credit is given, release dates are observed and specific prior permission has been granted for each item to be reproduced. Entire contents copyrighted, 1945, by Col. Franklin S. Forsberg and reviewed by U. S. military censors.

MAIN EDITORIAL OFFICE
205 EAST 42d STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Managing Editor, Sgt. Joe McCarthy, FA; Art Director, Sgt. Arthur Weithas, DEML; Assistant Managing Editor, Sgt. August Loeb, AAF; Assistant Art Director, Sgt. Ralph Stein, Med.; Pictures, Sgt. Leo Hofeller, Armd.; Features, Sgt. Burtt Evans, Inf.; Sports, Cpl. Tom Sheehan, FA; Overseas Editor, Sgt. Al Hine, Engr.; U. S. Editor, Sgt. Hilary N. Lyons, CA; Associate Editors, Sgt. John May, Inf.; Cpl. Margaret Davis, WAC; Sgt. Ralph Boyce, AAF; Cpl. Max Nonack, TC.

WASHINGTON, Cpl. John Haverstick, CA.

FRANCE, Sgt. Merle Miller, AF; Sgt. William Fraser, AAF; Sgt. Mack Morriss, Inf.; Sgt. Ed Cunningham, Inf.; Sgt. Howard Brodie, Sig. Corps; Sgt. Allan Ecker, AAF; Sgt. Reg Kenny, Armd.; Sgt. Robert McBrinn, Sig. Corps; Sgt. Ralph G. Martin, Med.; Cpl. Pat Coffey, AAF; Cpl. Howard Katzander, CA; Pfc. Debs Myers, FA; Pfc. David Whitcomb, AAF; Pvt. David Berger, Engr.

BRITAIN, Sgt. Durbin L. Horner, CA; Sgt. Earl Anderson, AAF; Sgt. Frank Brandt, Med.; Sgt. Francis Burke, AAF; Cpl. Jack Coggins, CA; Cpl. Edmund Antrobus, Inf.; Cpl. Tom Flannery, AAF; Sgt. Rudolph Sanford, AAF.

AUSTRALIA-PHILIPPINES, Sgt. Lafayette Locke, AAF; Sgt. Charles Rathe, DEML; Sgt. Douglas Bergstedt, DEML; Sgt. Dick Hanley, AAF; Sgt. Ozzie St. George, Inf.; Cpl. Roger Wrenn, Sig. Corps; Sgt. Charles D. Pearson, Engr.; Cpl. John McLeod, Med.; Sgt. Marvin Fasig, Engr.; Cpl. Joe Stefanelli, Engr.; Sgt. Bill Young, Inf.; Sgt. Robert McMillan, FA; Pfc. Dale Kramer, MP; Cpl. Frank J. Beck, DEML; Sgt. Roger W. Cowan, DEML; Sgt. Jack F. Crowe, DEML; Sgt. Lionel Walthall, DEML.

CENTRAL PACIFIC, Sgt. Larry McManus, CA; Pfc. George Burns, Sig. Corps; Pfc. John O. Armstrong, Inf.; Sgt. Bill Reed, Inf.; Cpl. James Goble, Armd.; Cpl. Ted Burrows, DEML; Evan Wylie SPic (PR), USCGR; Vernon N. Roberts S/c, USNR; Mason Pawlak CPhoM, USNR; Sgt. Lee Wilson, Sig. Corps.

MARIANAS, Cpl. Tom O'Brien, DEML; Sgt. Dil Ferris, AF; Sgt. Jack Ruge, DEML; Sgt. Paul Showers, AAF; Pfc. Justin Gray, Rangers.

ITALY, Sgt. Harry Sions, AAF; Sgt. Dan Polier, AAF; Sgt. Nelson Gruppe, Engr.; Cpl. George Barrett, AAF; Pfc. Ira Freeman, Cav.; Pfc. Dave Shaw, Inf.; Sgt. Don Breimhurst, AAF; Pfc. Werner Wolff, Sig. Corps.

INDIA-BURMA and CHINA, Sgt. Paul Johnston, AAF; Sgt. George J. Corbellini, Sig. Corps; Sgt. Dave Richardson, CA; Sgt. Walter Peters, OM; Cpl. Jud Cook, DEML.

ALASKA, Sgt. Ray Duncan, AAF.

IRAN-IRAQ, Cpl. Alfred Kynch, DEML; Cpl. Ray McGovern, Inf.

PANAMA, Col. Richard Douglass, Med.

PUERTO RICO, Sgt. Don Cooke, FA.

AFRICA-MIDDLE EAST, Sgt. Richard Paul, DEML.

ICELAND, Sgt. J. Gordon Farrell, AAF.

NEWFOUNDLAND, Sgt. Frank Bode, Sig. Corps.

NAVY, Donald Nugent Sp(X)3c.

■

Commanding Officer, Col. Franklin S. Forsberg.

Executive Officer, Lt. Col. Jack W. Weeks.

Business Manager, Maj. North Bigbee.

Procurement Officer, Maj. Gerald J. Rock.

OVERSEAS BUREAU OFFICERS, France, Lt. Col. Charles L. Holt, Capt. H. Stabley Thompson, assistant; Britain, Maj. Harry R. Roberts; Australia-Philippines, Lt. Col. Harold B. Hawley; Central South Pacific, Lt. Col. Jesse Eppinger; Marianas, Maj. Justus J. Craemer; Italy, Maj. Robert Strother, Lt. Jack Silverstein, assistant; Burma-India, Capt. Harold A. Burroughs; Alaska, Capt. Grady E. Clay Jr.; Iran, Capt. Frank Gladstone; Panama, Lt. Charles H. E. Stubblefield; Middle East, Capt. Knowlton Ames; Puerto Rico, Capt. Francis E. Sammons Jr.

This Week's Cover

WHERE Adolf Hitler and his gang once sat at Berchtesgaden, these soldiers of the 3d Infantry Division take a deserved break with a little wine for company. See pages 2, 3 and 4 for additional pictures and a story of *Der Fuehrer's* Bavarian mountain retreat.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—Sgt. Eugene Kammerman. 2—Upper left, Sgt. Kammerman; others, Pfc. Werner Wolff. 3—Pfc. Wolff. 5—Ordnance Department. 8 & 9—Sgt. Dave Richardson. 10 & 11—Sgt. Dil Ferris. 17—Sgt. Ben Schnall. 20—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. 23—PA.

Alaska Service

Dear YANK:

I have been in the Army 40 months, two years of that time in Alaska, and most of the Alaska service in the Aleutians. According to the instructions on the Adjusted Service Rating form, I cannot count any of my Alaska or Aleutian service as overseas time, although I participated in four amphibious operations in the chain when Attu, Agattu and Kiska were held by the Japs.

I was present on Attu throughout the battle and my eligibility for one battle star and the award of a Bronze Star Medal are entered in my service record. The reason none of this time can be regarded as overseas service is that I am a resident of Alaska, and the instructions state that no resident of a U. S. territory or possession may count service within the territory of his residence as "overseas time." I am, however, entitled to "overseas time" for my duty in the States.

The makers of this adjusted service rating have not taken into consideration the geographical nature of the territory, particularly as it applies to soldiering.

There are really three "Alaskas" where a GI can be stationed. The first and best Alaska covers garrisons or stations near the territory's large cities such as Anchorage, Fairbanks, Juneau and Ketchikan. Military service in this Alaska is to all practical purposes no different than being stationed in any fairly remote section of the States near a city of 5,000 to 10,000 population.

Then there are the Aleutians, which are a mere 2,100 miles from Fairbanks.

The third Alaska is any place in the territory that is distant from any of the four big cities. Alaska is a hell of a big place, and for a guy who lives in Juneau, a tour of duty at a rat-hole like Galena on the Yukon or Cold Bay on the Alaska Peninsula or Barrow, 400 miles north of the Arctic Circle, feels just as much like "overseas" time as it does to any dogface from the States. The Juneau guy and the Stateside character undergo the same rigors of tundra-hopping or standing fire guard at 40 below.

I know plenty of Alaska residents who have been in the Army for four and even five years. Some of them have three years in the Aleutians. They've fought on Attu, flown bombing missions over the Japanese Kurile Islands, and grabbed themselves a few decorations. Still, under this ruling, they have combat service in their records without ever receiving any "overseas" credit toward demobilization.

This ruling against residents of territories and possessions looks pretty arbitrary to me and it draws a very fine line on the subject which is closest to the heart of every GI—getting out and coming home.

France —Sgt. PETE MOSS

Marriage Refresher

Dear YANK:

After men have been overseas from their wives so long, it will seem as though they are not married. On returning home would it be legal and possible to marry the same wife again if you wanted to?

New Guinea —T-5 JOHN D. PRESSLEY

■ If your state law OKs such procedure and it makes you happy, you may.

Furlough Cash

Dear YANK:

Admiral Standley (among others) advocates one month's furlough before discharge. Laudable indeed, but still the set-up would be far from equitable for the enlisted man. Officers will cash in on their accumulated unused leave time (up to four months) before discharge, going home and drawing full pay until such accumulation expires before separating from the service *(AR 605-115)*. But when an EM's furlough year expires, all unused furlough time goes into the ashcan forever. And very few of us have averaged better than 10 days a year, on either side of the water.

Come Demob Day, all get their separation pay. The officer gets, in addition, the aforesaid leave pay; the GI gets his discharge button and railroad fare.

Do officers undergo greater hardship than enlisted men in the matter of pay, allowances for dependents, time off, etc.? The hell they do. They're the first to admit that they have all the better of it. The tendency certainly has been in this New (citizens') Army to equalize all benefits and amenities—rations, living conditions, PX privileges, etc. Why, then, should this remnant of Old Army privilege remain? By which we mean not to take accumulated leave away from officers, but rather extend it to the enlisted men. Admiral Standley's proposal would thus be amply taken care of.

Britain —S/Sgt. BERNHARD L. GROSSMAN

Bald-Headed Bastards

Dear YANK:

"You bald-headed bastard, you never will get a wife." If us fellows over 30 hear that once, we hear it 20 times a day. The sad part about it is they are probably right. Another common statement is "What's the matter, didn't you ever have a chance with women?" The truth is we have never had any kind of a chance in life. Period.

The graduating motto of our high-school class at the beginning of the depression was "down at the bottom and still going," a joke that turned out to be a reality for 10 years. When we looked for a job, they were turning off men. If we tried to sell something, we were arrested for vagrancy. If we tried to promote a show or dance, we were stopped because we didn't have a license. If we took a job digging a ditch for someone, we got in trouble with the plumbers' union. If we saw a pretty girl we never asked her for a date because we were too humiliated by being on the WPA. When the war came along with our one chance to become a member of the human race, we were drafted.

As time goes by, we are getting older and older, balder and balder, with nothing being done to get us out as soon as possible so that we might have a slim chance to belong somewhere and to somebody.

You younger fellows are right. We bald-headed bastards will never have a wife, home or nothin'.

Marianas —(Name Withheld)

GI Bill of Rights

Dear YANK:

A few nights ago I was reading up on a few facts and regulations of the Bill of Rights. It stated that if a man was a farmer or a successful businessman before the war, he could borrow money to enlarge his business or farm, but if he had never been in business or on a farm he was just out of luck for doing either of these two things.

Now what I want to know is what about the poor GI who is supposed to get a lending hand from the Government to get him started into some sort of business or on a little farm to make some sort of living? Where does the Bill of Rights come in when it comes to helping this fellow? He hasn't been a successful businessman because 99 out of 100 weren't old enough before the war to be in any kind of business. The only person that I can see that is going to benefit from this bill is the fellow that already has the money.

I think that if a fellow has risked his life for his country, he should at least be trusted to pay back a small amount to get him started in life anew. If bills are going to be passed for the GI, let it be something that he can benefit from and not to make the rich man richer.

Tyndall Field, Fla. —Pfc HARVEY A. SCOTT*

*Also signed by two others.

GIs and San Francisco

Dear YANK:

Regarding the statement made by YANK magazine that the GI doesn't have the intelligence to understand the weighty problems to be discussed at the San Francisco World Peace conference, and therefore does not wish to be represented at that conference, we believe that it is common procedure in a democratic form of government that representation be given to all peoples. Therefore, we the undersigned would like to know on what authority does YANK magazine presume to speak for eight million GIs when the said GIs have no representative on the YANK magazine staff? We do not think that hand-picked personnel who are selected by the Army Public Relations Office are true representatives of U. S. Army, Navy and Marine personnel.

Philippines —Pfc. CLYDE D. BRANDOW*

*Also signed by Cpl. Howard A. Shannon and Cpl. Carl J. Bridge.

■ YANK never made any statement on whether or not GIs should be represented at the San Francisco Conference. Nor has it ever presumed to act as an official spokesman for all GIs on any question. YANK's editorial staff consists exclusively of enlisted men on active service in the U. S. Army and the U. S. Navy and Coast Guard. They are not selected or supervised by the War Department Bureau of Public Relations.

Under Six Months

Dear YANK:

There is a youngster in our ward who, during five and one-half months overseas, participated in two major battles. He was badly wounded, given the Purple Heart and returned to the States. But he cannot wear an overseas stripe because (we are told) the AR says the kid isn't entitled to it, since he didn't serve six months overseas.

There are many men back in the States who are prohibited from wearing an overseas stripe for the same reason. It wasn't their fault that they had to return so soon. If it had been left to them, they probably wouldn't have gone in the first place.

I feel that it would be fair to make some sort of concession to these men by allowing them to wear, for each month of service overseas, a rectangular-shaped bar in a vertical position on the sleeve: the dimensions of said bar to be about one-third of the stripe worn to represent six months overseas duty.

Some of the brass hats may say that the campaign ribbon is sufficient and no other decoration is necessary. Well, we

"Lulu! Button your coat—you're a disgrace to the uniform!"
—Cpl. Tom Flannery

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

won't stop here to talk about the things done around this man's Army that aren't necessary, but we do say that to give the "under-sixes" the privileges of wearing a small bar (gold) on the sleeve would not constitute a great sacrifice on the part of the Army but would help out a great deal from the standpoint of morale. . . .

—Cpl. R. HOLLINGSWORTH*

Mayo Gen. Hosp., Ill.

***Also signed by 10 others.**

Technicolor Atabrine

Dear YANK:

Might I make a suggestion. The little pill they call atabrine—why couldn't the Medical Department, or whoever is making this stuff, color the pill red instead of yellow? Being it's an added coloring they put in it, why not red? It would help out on the appearance of us lads that are taking atabrine.

I don't mind looking yellow, but when the guys start ribbing you that you look like a Jap, I resent that. Besides how in the hell would it look when I get home: the folks might think I'm on my last hitch of this dear old world. Especially the way my folks are, they'd call a doctor on the minute upon seeing me. Thanks pal.

P.S. Even purple, any damn color as long as it's not yellow. Red I still prefer, it would give you that added complexion that Mom would always like to see on her boy.

Burma **—Pfc. JOHN De FRONZO**

Navy on the Rhine

Dear YANK:

Anyone familiar with the history of the American Civil War will challenge a couple of statements which Sgt. Ed Cunningham included in his article "Navy on the Rhine."

Says the sergeant: "Never before have U. S. naval units gone into action with the Army 200 miles from an ocean." Very wrong, sir! During the Civil War, units of the U. S. Navy were operating on rivers over 1000 miles from the ocean —not only on the Mississippi River, but on the many tributaries thereof, such as the Ohio, the Missouri, the Red, the Tennessee and the Cumberland. Two very definite instances of "joint operations" of Army and Navy on inland waterways occurred during the campaign of Grant against Forts Henry and Donelson in February 1862 and the Red River campaign of Banks in 1864.

Says the sergeant further: "This was the first time in history that the Army had called on the Navy to support an inland-river crossing." Very wrong, indeed! Let him read in his history books the story of Grant's long campaign against Vicksburg. It would actually be no surprise to me if, when the full story of the recent Rhine crossings becomes available, it will prove to have been of considerably less magnitude, as a joint Army-Navy operation, than was the Mississippi River crossing effected by the USN and the AUS in the early summer of 1863.

Astoria, Oreg. **—Lt. Comdr. A. W. SQUIRES**

Slap the Krupps

Dear YANK:

One way to assure future peace in this world is to destroy the plans of Germany to wage war again. How can you do this? Simply by taking the war-waging industries away from the men who control them. They are the industrialists of Germany: the Krupps, Stinnes, Thyssen and a host of others.

Take these basic industries out of the greedy, war-waging hands of these monsters and give it to the people. They will get more benefits from them.

Germany **—Pvt. EMANUEL HERSHATSKY**

Realistic Training

Dear YANK:

. . . Dealing with an emergency such as this World War II, the Army officials who plan the training schedules should realize that this is not a peacetime army. Such things as precise close-order drill and other devices of "show" are splendid achievements for a peacetime army and probably should always be a tradition for such. But now, with the short basic-training period in the States which these replacements are undergoing, these "show" devices should be classified as minor items and much more time should be spent on realistic programs of training for combat.

A thorough program of this type would help to overcome the weakening by fear which is so often tragic and would better familiarize the soldier with the weapons which he will use. . . .

Burma **—Pfc. STANLEY R. HALVERSON**

YANK Gets a Hash Mark

If you are the one reader out of 900 who looks at the little box on the upper right hand corner of the cover of YANK, you will have noticed already that this is Vol. 4, No. 1.

That means YANK is three years old—a full hitch in the peacetime Army. When our business department heard this, we had to hold them down with both hands to keep them from figuring out a way for YANK to collect its personal fogey by a $.0025 price boost.

When we celebrated our first birthday, two years ago, we were just as proud as the parents of an infant who had survived pneumonia, rickets, new teeth and a bite from the neighbor's dog, all in its first 12 months. Because we were a new thing in the Army, an idea as new as the global war we were fighting across two oceans and on them. We were an enlisted man's publication—written by and for GIs and edited by them—and we could talk about our readers in terms of the whole world.

We were pretty proud, you'll remember. We ran the Sad Sack with a birthday cake on the front cover and threw in eight extra pages of pin-ups and cartoons and text. We weren't exactly patting ourselves on the back, but by some strange coincidence our arm was a little stiff for a week or two after.

The baby wasn't bothered by teething any more and it could walk around the room by holding onto the furniture for support. Sometimes it could even walk by itself and we didn't have to change its diapers quite so often.

On our second birthday, things were moving a little too fast to take time out to organize a cheering section for ourselves. American soldiers were driving on to Rome in Italy and Merrill's Marauders, after a stiff Pacific tour, were showing they could kill Japs with equal skill in Burma jungles. We were publishing 14 different editions of YANK.

The baby had put on a little weight.

This is our third birthday, as we said, and, like all proud parents we will still talk the ears off anyone about our baby. Only this is another of those birthdays like the last one, when too much else is happening. Ours is a war baby, and its particular war seems to be a little more than half over. That's enough to make any parents happy.

The funny thing is that with most war babies the end of a war doesn't really mean much, but with our baby it does. We are the only parents you ever heard of who looked forward to the day when they could not only cut their baby's long, golden curls, but see the baby disappear altogether.

This is YANK's first hash mark and the end of YANK's third year. We hope we and all of our readers will be able to remember YANK *as* just a baby, a promising kid who dropped out of the picture, not sadly but very happily, when he was not much over three.

Strictly GI

New Age Limit. Enlisted men aged 40 and over are now eligible for discharge from the Army on their own application. Previously, the discharge age was 42. The WD promises further reductions in the age limit "when the military situation permits." Under the new ruling, men 40 and 41, of whom there are an estimated 30,000 in the Army, may be retained by their commanders for a period not to exceed 90 days if replacements are not immediately available. There are no other strings.

Wacs 40 and over are also eligible for discharge on their own application provided they have been on active duty one year or more.

WAC Age Limit Lowered. The WD has lowered the WAC enlistment age limit from 50 to 38 years. It was also announced that women enlisting in the WAC after May 12, 1945, will not be eligible for discharge because of separation of their husbands from the armed forces until completion of one year of active service. Women who enlisted before that time will still be granted discharges on request when their husbands are separated from any of the services.

Work Furloughs End. Soldiers who were transferred to the Enlisted Reserve Corps to work in war plants when the manpower shortage was acute are being recalled to active duty, the War Department announced. The men are being recalled, the WD said, because there's a need for troops in the Pacific and because demobilization of 1,300,000 men in the next 12 months will give industry a manpower reservoir.

Medal of Honor Discharges. Any officer (except a Regular Army officer) or enlisted man who has been awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor will be discharged from the service upon his own application, the WD announces. The privilege will be extended to those receiving the decoration in the future. As of VE-Day, there were 82 such men serving in the Army, with four others listed as MIA.

An officer or GI who has been recommended for the Congressional Medal will be immediately relieved from further participation in hazardous duty under the War Department's new policy.

More Elections. The War Department has released the following information on state, county and municipal elections for servicemen who wish to vote:

Georgia will hold an election on August 7 for ratification or rejection of a proposed new state constitution. Georgia servicemen may mail the Army postcard application *(USWBC Form No. 1)* at any time, and the secretary of state will send absentee ballots as soon as they are available. To be counted, the absentee ballots must be marked and returned to the proper state official on or before August 7.

A Democratic primary will be held in Virginia on August 7 to nominate a governor, lieutenant governor, attorney general, member of the House of Delegates and certain local officers. Virginia servicemen may send in the Army postcard application form at any time. The state is now mailing absentee ballots to servicemen and has set August 4 as the date on or before which ballots must be marked and returned.

Other coming elections include a municipal primary in Detroit on August 7; a municipal election in Raritan, N. J., on August 25, and primary elections for city, village and township officials in the state of Ohio on July 31.

General instructions and information on soldier voting in 1945 elections are contained in *Circular No. 487, War Department, 1944.*

Aircraft Cutbacks. Approximately 17,000 fewer planes than pre-VE production schedules called for will be manufactured between now and the end of 1946, the Army Air Forces announced. Gen. H. H. Arnold explained the cutbacks by saying: "Tactical and strategic requirements are changed. Our attrition rate in Europe decreased as the *Luftwaffe* was destroyed, so many of the planes that fought in Europe will fight again against the Japanese. We do not propose to ask for more aircraft than are necessary for successful prosecution of the war."

From here on in, emphasis will be on one long-range bomber, the B-29, and on long-range fighters and cargo aircraft.

Following are the principal production revisions listed by types:

BOEING B-29 (SUPERFORTRESS)—Production will increase for several months and will be sustained substantially above the present rate of output. Increases in production scheduled in late 1945 are eliminated.

CONSOLIDATED B-32 (SUPERSIZE LIBERATOR)—Production at the Fort Worth Consolidated plant will be leveled off at the current rate for the remainder of 1945 and will cease at the end of the year. At the San Diego Consolidated plant production ended in May.

DOUGLAS A-26 (INVADER)—Production at the Long Beach factory will continue at approximately the present level. Tulsa, Okla., production will taper off and end by January 1, 1946.

BELL P-63 (KING COBRA)—Production of the regular fighter will be cut substantially by July and ended September 1. Production of the training model, made to be shot at with frangible bullets by student gunners, to be unchanged for the rest of the year and reduced during the first half of 1946.

DOUGLAS C-47 (SKYTRAIN)—Production of this cargo plane at Oklahoma City will taper gradually until December and be cut one-half during 1946.

BEECH C-45—Made at Wichita, Kans., this plane will continue in production with little change until fall, when output will begin tapering and continue into 1946 at approximately half the scheduled rate.

CURTISS C-45 (COMMANDO)—Production at Louisville, Ky., ended with June's output; St. Louis production now confined to parts. Henceforth this plane will be produced only at the Buffalo plant, which will level off at approximately two-thirds of current output.

BOEING B-17 (FLYING FORTRESS)—This plane is now produced at two plants only. At the Douglas Long Beach plant output will be stabilized at one-quarter the current rate by August. The Lockheed Burbank plant will end production in August.

LOCKHEED P-80 (SHOOTING STAR)—Production will continue unchanged at the Lockheed Burbank plant. Planned production of the P-80 by North American at Kansas City has been cancelled.

LOCKHEED P-38 (LIGHTNING)—Production will taper off to zero by November.

DDE-301 CFC 2384 SX UNZ ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Navy Notes

Before and After. It was in 1934 that Mr. Swanson, then Secretary of the Navy, said: "Naval wars are largely fought and decided with fleets existing at the beginning of the conflict. The nation's first line of defense cannot be improvised overnight."

The nation's first line of defense just before Pearl Harbor comprised 4,084 ships of all types and another 538 under construction. Of these, 364 were combat ships. There were 16 battleships, 38 cruisers, 173 destroyers, 112 submarines and, in the Pacific, four aircraft carriers. A two-ocean Navy was an ambitious project.

The Japs' surprise call at Pearl Harbor left 19 ships sunk or damaged, six of them battleships. By the following October the loss of three aircraft carriers left just one in the Pacific.

Fortunately, the naval war is not being fought only with ships built before it began. To what extent this is true has now been revealed by the present Secretary of the Navy, James Forrestal.

There are now 104,000 ships and craft of 180 types in this man's Navy. Combat ships will soon total 1,528. Of the 19 Pearl Harbor wrecks, 16 are back in service, rebuilt into better and more effective warships than they were before. There are 26 major aircraft carriers, 23 battleships, 67 cruisers, 386 destroyers and 240 submarines. In addition there are thousands of ships and craft of entirely new types and designs, such as amphibious ships, escort carriers, destroyer escorts and hospital ships. The escort carriers (baby flattops) now total 65, and destroyer escorts (DEs) total 368. It is now a five-ocean Navy.

By July there will be a total of 15 hospital ships in commission and six of them will be something very new and different. The nine now in commission are converted transports, but the six new ones were designed and built as modern, air-conditioned floating hospitals. They are 520-foot, 15,000-ton vessels with beds and all the modern facilities for 802 patients. They are the first Navy ships to be fully air-conditioned; each is equipped with eight huge refrigerating blowers. They will be called the *Haven* class, the name of one of the group.

Another type of ship that didn't exist at the beginning of the war is the 45,000-ton aircraft carrier. There are now two of these—the *Midway* and the *Franklin D. Roosevelt*—and a third is under construction. These are the largest warships in the world, topping the *Essex*-class carriers by 18,000 tons. They have everything ever heard-of on a carrier, plus quite a few things still unheard-of, notably their complement of some 80 twin-engine planes of a new and unmentionable type. Other exact figures are still on the secret list, but each of them has a flight deck large enough for 22 regulation basketball courts, and if enough of them were built to extend them end-to-end from the Brooklyn Navy Yard to the Statue of Liberty, the country would be bankrupt.

Although this war is being fought with fleets that were not in existence at its beginning, there are signs that it will be finished with the ships already built. A program, announced on March 6, 1945, for construction of 84 combat ships as an insurance measure to replace possible future losses, has been canceled; only 12 of them will be built—all escort carriers.

At the same time, planning has already begun for disposal of ships and retention of others for the post-war fleet. Of the 1,528 combat ships the Navy anticipates having in commission at the end of the war, a tentative plan would relegate 337 to scrap or use as target ships. That would leave a post-war fleet of 1,191 ships—almost three times the size of the prewar Navy.

Many of these ships will be placed on inactive duty, with skeleton crews handling their maintenance. They will be available for active duty within 30 days, due to developments by the Bureau of Ships in new methods of preservation.

According to Navy regulations, no ship's crew may be detached from a vessel passing into inactive status until the ship has been secured for future readiness. Formerly, this might keep a full crew busy for months after arriving in port. Now, by use of the new methods, a ship may be stowed in its berthing area within a few days.

Hot plastic paints, already used on all Navy ships, will preserve a hull for five years in salt water or 15 years in fresh water. Unprotected steel surfaces and the interior of engines can be sprayed with a thin film of rust-preventive compound and it need not be removed for use. Motors, pumps and engines can be operated instantly, without removing the film.

Plastic stripable film-packaging containing a drying agent takes care of possible corrosion, mildew or mold on guns, searchlights and windlasses, and the film can be peeled off quickly, leaving them ready for instant use.

A ship, preserved by these methods, will require an average of about five men for maintenance and security watches, and the whole reserve fleet can be ready for action in 30 days.

"Don't look now, Lieutenant, but your rigging is hanging." —Richard Allen Y1c

V-12. Selection of enlisted personnel for the seventh increment of V-12 is in progress. Those selected will be assigned to college training on November 1, 1945. As usual, the quota is limited and only outstanding applicants who are fully qualified in all respects will be considered. Applications from candidates at sea or overseas, along with recommendations from their COs, must be in before July 1; those in the U. S. by the first week in August.

General requirements: Applicant must be an unmarried male citizen, under 23 and on active duty. Academic requirements: Applicant must have a high-school diploma or war diploma or have been accepted for admission to an accredited college or university, must have completed courses in algebra and geometry and must have a score of 88 in the O'Rourke GCT or 60 in the new GCT. Physical requirements are the standard ones for normal height, weight, vision and teeth.

If the candidate has had more than five semesters of college he is not acceptable, as he then qualifies for V-7 (Reserve Midshipman Program). Those who have been separated from any other officer-training program must have had six-months' sea duty since. Application for V-12 takes precedence over all other enlisted activity as it leads to a commission.

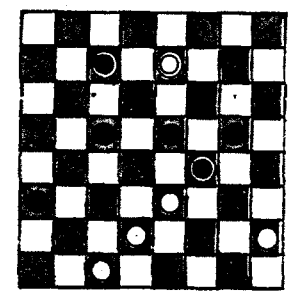
Aviation Opportunity. Officers, aviation cadets and enlisted personnel under 27 who washed out of the standard flight-training program because of flight failure may apply for training as naval aviation observers (navigation). Training will be a 12-week basic course of ground and flight instruction in aerial navigation. Those who have not had the navigation training given to student aviators will get an additional six-week preparatory course. Graduates will be designated as naval aviation observers (navigation) and will then get further training in multi-engine squadrons, night torpedo squadrons, the Naval Air Transport Service or as naval air-navigation instructors. All of which leads to a commission as ensign, USNR. For particulars see *BuPers Circular Letter 85-45*.

Changes in Regulations. Special-assignment men were recently made eligible to all rates and schools except FC, FCO, RdM, QM, SM, ARM, Salvage and SoM. However, since they are not eligible for new construction they are also not eligible to schools whose graduates are automatically assigned this duty. Since this covers practically all Class "A" schools, they are just about back where they started from, except that they can be assigned to such schools under orders directing their return to their original commands. Meanwhile their eligibility to new construction is under consideration. See *BuPers Circular Letter 90-45*. . . . The Navy will furnish transportation, when available, from overseas stations to the U. S., to dependents of naval personnel (including recent acquisitions), regardless of rank or rating. It is still necessary to comply with the laws of the foreign country involved, as well as those of the U. S. Immigration and Naturalization Service and the Departments of Justice and State. . . . *BuPers Circular Letter 73-45* provides that emergency loans without interest charges may be made to ship or station personnel from nonappropriated welfare funds—approved by the CO, of course. . . . A new distinguishing mark has been prepared for expert lookouts. To qualify, a rigid examination must be passed semi-annually on vision, hearing, recognition and so on. It has nothing to do with rating or pay but provides recognition for outstanding lookout personnel. . . . The Navy Department in Washington, D. C., has a telephone switchboard—a great big one—that answers to Republic 7400. The operators answer just like operators always answer on great big switchboards. But when you ask for the extension or the admiral, the response is the voice of the Navy: "Aye aye, sir."

—DONALD NUGENT Sp(x)3c

As was to be expected of the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carter De Haven, the famous screen couple of long ago, Gloria De Haven scored a hit in her first crack at Hollywood. In "Best Foot Forward" she showed she had looks and could act and sing. She's been busy ever since. Her latest is MGM's "Between Two Women." Gloria is 19, 5' 2", weighs 112, has blonde hair, blue eyes.

CHECKER STRATEGY

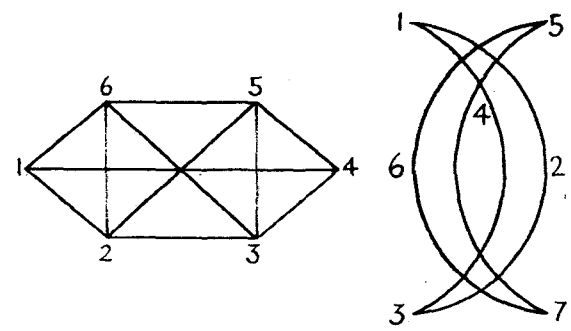


Here's a tough little problem with a weird solution. The terms are: White to move and draw. Note that White is down a piece, with apparently no chance of regaining it. However, the draw is there—if you can find it.

Before checking your analysis with the solution elsewhere on this page, number the playing squares of your checkerboard from 1 to 32 as shown.

PLANE PROBLEM

A flattop, doing 30 miles per hour, is trying to overtake a battleship doing 25 mph. When they are 35 miles apart, a plane leaves the flattop to fly, at 80 mph, back and forth between the two ships until they meet. How many miles does the plane fly?



RUN-AROUND

Lots of guys have been bucking for Section Eight by trying to draw these diagrams without removing the pencil from the paper and without retracing any of the lines. So why not you?

PS—It's impossible to do it with some diagrams, but it *can* be done with these two.

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

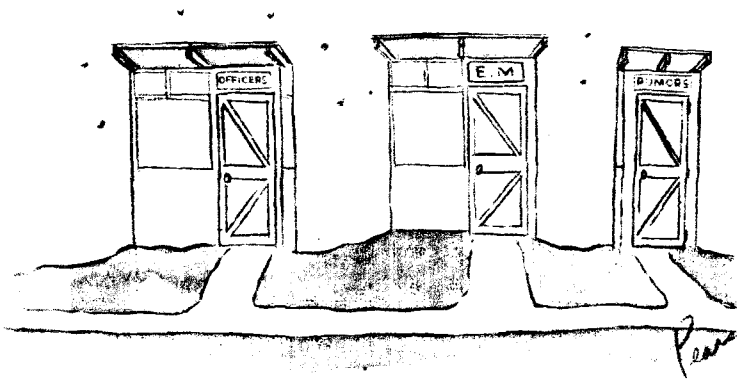
RUN-AROUND. Follow these sequences:
A—1 to 2 to 3 to 4 to 1 to 6 to 3 to 5 to 6 to 2 to 5 to 4.
B—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 4, 1.

TIME PUZZLE. Nothing tough about this problem if you approach it correctly. Since it takes seven hours for the ships to meet, the plane—flying at 80 miles per hour—covers 560 miles.

CHECKER STRATEGY. White moves 28 to 24. Black jumps 19 to 28. White moves 23 to 19. Black jumps 15 to 24. White moves 30 to 25. Black jumps 21 to 30. White moves 7 to 2. Black jumps 30 to 23. White cleans up by 2 to 9 to 18 to 27 to 29 to 11. The game is drawn!

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"THINGS ARE GETTING PRETTY CHICKEN AROUND HERE."
—Cpl. Bob Schoenke, Ellington Field, Tex.



—Sgt. Charles Pearson, Philippines

NEW ENGLAND SPRING

I have a longing for New England rain,
Insistent at my window pane,
Washing my body and my soul,
Leaving me fragrant, white and whole.

Softly, sadly its bird wings touch
The windows that I love so much,
Far in New England, far away,
The thin rain wakes each sodden day.

It taps and croons and whistles shrilly
In far New England, wan and hilly,
It bathes your body and your soul,
Leaves you fragrant, white and whole.

Luke Field, Ariz. —Pvt. JOSEPH DEVER

PX

Contributions for this page should be addressed to the Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Gags About Gigs

LET us consider the gig, as a constant, if not always delightful, ingredient of barracks life.

If you are a soldier, or have friend or kin among soldiers, then the word is no stranger to you. If you are not, nor have any, then I have a good mind to let you go stumbling off to the dictionary to bat your head against a half-dozen or more definitions, any one of which is wrong.

Webster's New Twentieth Century Unabridged, which I had a detail of three privates carry out of the day room, will tell you that a gig is a top, a light carriage, a narrow boat, a harpoon, a fiddle, a machine and, finally, a silly, wanton girl. Although the last-named is not without its flicker of interest, I'm afraid we must dismiss Noah W. as a hopelessly innocent civilian who never bucked up buttons, bunk and locker for inspection. Obviously he was never gigged. Let's see, then, if we can't pool my experiences and hammer out a workable definition.

My own interest in the word is anything but academic. It came alive on a Wednesday afternoon in basic training when the first sergeant, taking advantage of my temporary absence from the tent, sniffed around and discovered some fruit, possibly out of season. Coming back from the grenade court I saw his findings and winced at the accusing falsetto: "Rosner—torn bunk tag; Sillery—missing shoulder patch; Weldon—pear in steel helmet." Mine was easily the most picturesque delinquency on the list, and a guy named Ward, who was taking basic for a second time and thus had the status of an old soldier, told me I had been gigged.

The way he said it, it sounded dire, and I waited for an ax to fall. But none did. I didn't lose my pass that week end. I wasn't given KP out of roster. Leggy blondes in Battle Creek didn't turn around to look at me and point with scorn. In fact, they didn't turn around to look at me.

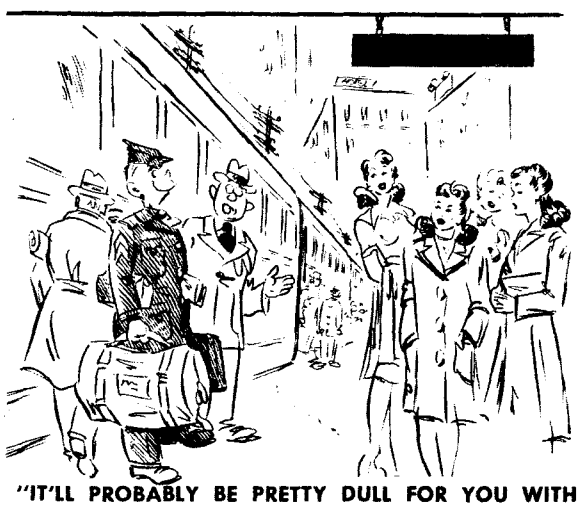
I decided then that a gig was merely a semi-public message from a superior officer, calling polite attention to a minor imperfection and deploring it, but implying no rancor or threat of action. Guided by this belief, I have been able to derive genuine stimulation from my gigs, and no little enjoyment. To relieve the tedium of the garrison routine I play gay little dream-games about my gigs and look forward eagerly to the list posted each Saturday at noon.

What will it be today, I ask myself. Unauthorized contents of barracks bag? Will it be improper police of area (a lovely phrase) or possibly pack on the wrong side of gas mask? Will the inspecting party recoil in horror at a wrinkle on my bed, or will they shake their heads over a grain of dust on the tip of my left GI shoe? Life is made rich, exciting.

You would expect gigs about rifles to be a bit grim, but in my little corner of this great Army rifle gigs branch off somewhat surprisingly into criticism of social finesse. You find "Jones—dry bore." Or "Smith—dirty bore." Now I can understand how a man who is dry can be boring, but unless one repeats the same old back-room jokes time and again I should think a flavoring of lechery in conversation would actually help to win listeners and influence soldiers.

Whole areas of my brain still sit up and scratch each other in bewilderment whenever I think of the conservation show we put on that Saturday morning in November. I thought that some of the lines I had written were fairly effective, and immediate audience reaction seemed to indicate that I was giving them a sound reading. True, some of the references to the redhead were a trifle racy, but I was frankly astonished when, coming back to the barracks, I found this judgment on the bulletin board: "Weldon—dry, dirty bore."

Fort Wadsworth, N. Y. —Pfc. MARTIN WELDON



"IT'LL PROBABLY BE PRETTY DULL FOR YOU WITH ALL YOUR BUDDIES AWAY."
—M/Sgt. Ted Miller, Mitchel Field, N. Y.

Private's Progress

JUNE 27, 1945—Pvt. Johnnie R. Cassidy, 56 Elm Street, has received a medical discharge from the Army because of acute hay fever and is returning to work in his father's pretzel bakery. Inducted last December, Pvt. Cassidy was a mess attendant at Camp Troohie.

AUGUST 23, 1947—John R. Cassidy is the new manager of Cassidy's Pretzel Works, succeeding his father, James L. Cassidy, who has retired. The new manager is a veteran of World War II.

JANUARY 5, 1950—Guest speaker at the monthly meeting of the Junior Board of Trade was J. R. Cassidy, veteran of World War II, who said he has found Army methods "very useful" to him in his civilian career. Cassidy served in the war as a non-commissioned officer in charge of food preparation.

MARCH 18, 1952—Miss Gwendolyn Frobisher, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Biddle Lodge Frobisher, of Philadelphia, and J. Randolph Cassidy, of this city, were married today. . . . The bride is a graduate of Miss Twank's School, Sunnyside-on-the-Potomac, and studied ceramic-painting in Italy. Mr. Cassidy, owner of Cassidy Bakeries, Inc., is a veteran of World War II and was discharged after being wounded in action.

JUNE 27, 1955—"This is a memorable day for me," said J. Randolph Cassidy, local industrialist, in an interview today. "On this date, 10 years ago, I returned to civilian life after completing my military tour of duty. I learned a lot in the Army, and my training in the leadership required of an officer in battle has stood me well in these intervening years of peace."

MARCH 7, 1956—J. R. Cassidy, head of the local Board of Trade and a frequent visitor in Washington, where he is considered an expert on employer-employee relationships, will be guest speaker at the national convention of Eager Beavers of America. A captain in the Army in the last war, he was cited for bravery for carrying a wounded major to cover and was discharged because of wounds suffered in the action.

JANUARY 20, 1957—Rumor hath it that John Randolph Cassidy, chairman of the Interstate Labor Board, will be a candidate for governor this coming November. Cassidy's war record is expected to draw him much support. A colonel in the last war, he is still suffering from wounds received when he led his troops in a successful attack against a German tank force.

AUGUST 7, 1959—"Don't forget the privates. God must have loved them best, because he made so many of them," said Governor J. R. Cassidy, in a speech before the state's veterans of all wars at Straight City. He made a plea for erection of a huge state auditorium dedicated to veterans, especially privates. Discharged after being wounded in action when he stormed a German patrol station alone in the last war, Gov. Cassidy now holds the honorary rank of General of the State Militia.

"But I'll always remember," he said, "that the privates are the men who win the battles. I'll never forget the months—few though they were—when I wore a coat without stripe or bar on it. Whatever the years since have brought, I've never forgotten that the happiest days I knew, and the days in which my labors brought me highest gratification, were the ones I spent as a private!"

Truax Field, Wis. —S/Sgt. GERRY LESTZ

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GI Rookie

By Cpl. TOM SHEHAN
YANK Sports Editor

BOSTON—Dave "Boo" Ferriss, the Red Sox ex-GI rookie pitcher, has started his big league career so impressively that Manager Joe Cronin is comparing him to Walter Johnson and the few other great twirlers who made good in the major leagues as freshmen.

"He's like Johnson in a great many ways," says Cronin, who played shortstop for Washington when the Big Train was managing the Senators. "He's got a disposition like Walter. He tends strictly to business when he's out on the field. He observes training rules as religiously. He's a manager's pitcher."

Actually, Ferriss has a better freshman record than either Johnson or Bob Feller, winners of five games each in their first year on the big time. Dave won his first six straight games before the end of May and the season is still young.

When Ferriss shut out the Athletics and the Yankees in his first two starting assignments, he joined Jim Hughes of the 1898 Baltimore Orioles, Slow Joe Doyle of the 1906 Yankees, Bucky O'Brien of the 1911 Red Sox and Johnny Marcum of the 1933 Athletics as the only hurlers to pitch two nine-inning shutouts in their first two big-league games. Ferriss established a new American League record of 22 scoreless innings by pitching shutout ball against the Athletics, the Yankees and into the fifth inning of his third assignment against Detroit.

Happy Campbell, University of Alabama baseball coach and Red Sox scout, recommended Ferriss to Herb Pennock, then in charge of the Boston club's farms, after he saw him pitch for Mississippi State. After the Red Sox became interested in him, he came north one summer to pitch for Brattleboro, Vt., in the Northern League, a semi-pro loop, under Bill Barrett, former White Sox outfielder who is now a Boston scout. On off days Barrett drove him down to Boston and Dave pitched to the Red Sox in batting practice.

After his junior year in college in 1942, Ferriss signed a Red Sox contract and was sent to Greensboro, N. C. in the Piedmont League, a Sox farm club managed by Heinie Manush. Dave's record of seven wins and seven losses during the regular campaign wasn't sensational but his three victories in the playoffs helped the team to win the pennant. He went into the Army after the playoffs.

Pitching for Randolph Field in the San Antonio Servicemen's League, which included such men as Enos Slaughter and Howie Pollett of the Cardinals and Frank Croucher of the Detroit Tigers, Ferriss won 28 and lost 10 during the 1943 and 1944 season. Dave had always been a good hitter, but in the Army he became a real slugger and led the league with a .417 batting average during 1944.

Ferriss credits his success in the majors to the coaching he received at Randolph Field from Bib Falk, the old White Sox outfielder. "I didn't know much more than how to stand on the rubber when Falk took hold of me," says Dave. "But that was my fault. I had one of the best college coaches in the country, Dewey Noble, at Mississippi State, but it didn't take.

"Maybe the bit of pitching I did at Greensboro helped and when Falk put me through the paces I went to town.

It was he who taught me the two kinds of fast balls and how to slow up naturally on my pitches. He also taught me a lot about fielding my position. And things about big-league batting I'll never forget."

Ferriss received a medical discharge as a corporal in February after the wind storms and dust of Texas had aggravated his asthmatic condition. He immediately contacted Cronin and was told to report to Nemo Leibold at Louisville, a Red Sox farm club in the American Association.

Shortly afterwards the Louisville manager wired Cronin, "Better take Ferris." Joe replied, "Take another look at him." The next day Nemo sent Dave against Bucky Walters and the Cincinnati Reds. The Reds were in front at the end of six innings, but Leibold was even more convinced that the boy belonged in the big leagues and he wired Boston, "You can use this guy Ferriss."

Whatever doubts Cronin had were dissipated when he called Bill McKechnie, the Cincinnati manager, on the long distance phone and asked for an opinion. "I'll take him if you don't want him," McKechnie said.

Ferriss couldn't have landed with the Red Sox at a more opportune time. The Boston club had opened the season by dropping four straight games. After Cronin broke his leg sliding into second base in Yankee Stadium, the losing streak had been extended to eight straight. Things couldn't have been worse so they decided to give the young pitchers a chance.

Rex Cecil, another rookie, broke the ice by turning back the Athletics on a Saturday. The following day, Ferriss started against the A's, toeing the mound against Buck Newsom. With only one out, the bases filled and the count 2 and 0, Dave was within one wide pitch of being yanked in the first inning. But Dick Siebert, the A's first baseman, hit into a double play.

Since his victory over Newsom, Dave has beaten Dizzy Trout of the Tigers, Ernie Bonham of the Yankees, Joe Haynes and Ed Lopat of the White Sox and Sig Jakucki of the Browns. He held the Athletics to five hits, the Yankees to seven, the Tigers to nine, the White Sox to four hits and one hit and the Browns to five.

His 4 to 1 victory over the Browns is a good example of the minimum of effort with which he accomplishes his pitching chores. Jakucki, who was losing to the Red Sox for the first time, is noted as an economical pitcher, but Dave made him appear like a spendthrift. He retired the Browns with 97 pitches in nine innings as Sig was tossing up 107 in the eight chapters he worked.

Dave's fast ball is his main stock in trade, but he has two kinds of fast balls. The first he lets go off the outside of the ends of his first two fingers. This pitch breaks sharply into a right-handed batter like an old-fashioned inshoot. The second Ferriss fast ball is delivered over the inside of the ends of his fingers and it shoots the other way, inside to left-handed hitters. Coupled with these two distinct types of fast balls is the fact that Ferriss throws each of his other pitches, his curve and his slow one, at a different speed.

Before pitching batting practice one day in Chicago, Cronin had him warming up left handed and from that side of the rubber he showed a good fast ball and curve. He has never pitched both hands since he has been in organized baseball, but in a semi-pro game in Minter City, Miss., he once pitched the first five innings right handed and the last four left handed. He whipped the opposition, allowing four hits, two off each arm.

Bob Garbark, who has caught him in all of his starts, says that Ferriss has a heavy ball, but that his control makes him easy to catch. Dave is particularly adept at keeping the ball knee-high and is not upset facing a dangerous batter in a desperate situation, as he showed in the ninth inning of his victory over the Browns.

With one man on and no outs, Ferriss got down to a 3-and-2 count on Junior Stephens, the Brown's hard-hitting shortstop. The ordinary rookie pitcher finding himself in such a situation might choke up and pass the batter or make the next pitch too good and watch it ride over the fence. But Ferriss fed six low pitches to Stephens and all six of them were so close to strike territory that Junior had to swing and hit six fouls. Finally, Dave struck him out with a sharp-breaking curve, knee-high.

His sudden success hasn't gone to his head. When he reported to the club from Louisville, Trainer Win Green, who has a "Lockers for the regulars" rule, assigned Ferriss a rusty nail in a dark corner of the Red Sox dressing room at Fenway Park to hang his civvies on. Green thought nothing about it until he went looking for Dave after his fifth victory and found him peeling off his sweat-soaked clothes in the same corner where his civvies were hanging on a nail. The embarrassed Green asked Cronin:

"Do you think I could make amends by cleaning out five of the lockers in our pitchers' row and giving them to him?"

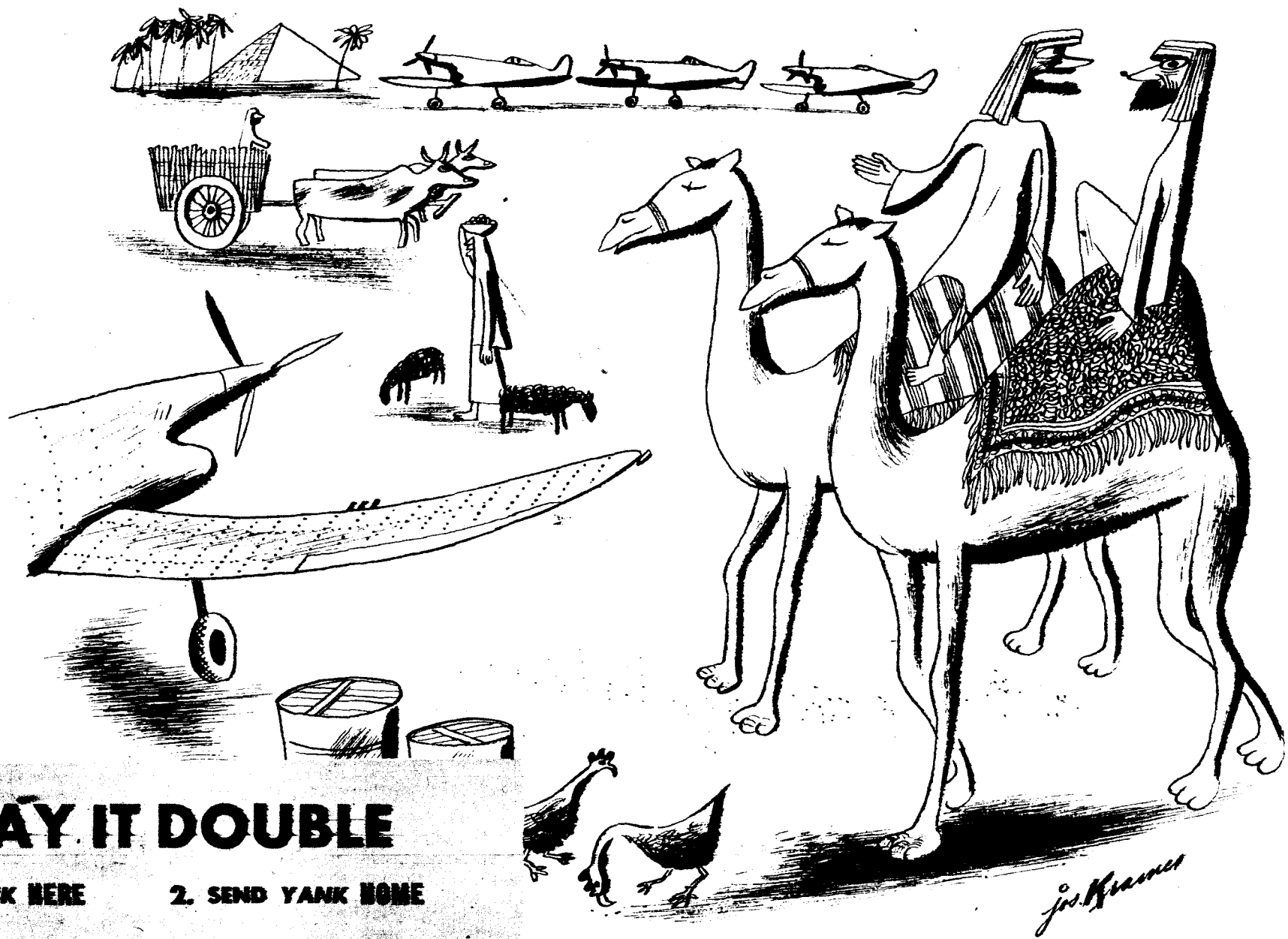
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"HE USED TO WRITE FOR 'THE HOBO NEWS.' "

—Sgt. Tom Zibelli

"SOMETIMES I WONDER WHAT YOU GIRLS SEE IN ME."

—T-5 Jon Kennedy



"FASCINATING, ISN'T IT—I MEAN THE STARK CONTRAST BETWEEN THE NEW AND THE OLD?"

—Cpl. Joseph Kramer

PLAY IT DOUBLE

SEND YANK HERE 2. SEND YANK HOME

R name and rank

ory address

Care of parents, wife, etc.

Home-town street address

City, Zone and State 4-1

ASE INDICATE: RENEWAL ☐ ONE YEAR (52 ISSUES) ☐ $2.00
NEW ☐ 6 MONTHS (26 ISSUES) ☐ $1.00

ble above amounts for two subscriptions. . . . Enclose check or money order and mail to:

NK, THE ARMY WEEKLY, 205 E. 42d STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

criptions are accepted only for members of the armed forces or discharged veterans of this war.

YANK

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED